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## NOTES.

The difference between the feelings inspired by the daily reports from Pretoria and from Rennes—for little else has occupied men's thoughts for the week—might be put thus. Pretoria fills one with impatience touched with disgust—Rennes with disgust touched with impatience. The long-drawn agony of the Dreyfus drama is producing the dangerous weariness of excitement which longs for the end be what it may. But not in any way does the weariness of the whole miserable affair blunt the repulsion produced by the Rennes proceedings. All the tremendous efforts to obtain a new trial against the most terrible odds to end in an abortive inquiry! An inquiry which cannot elicit the truth, which leaves accusers—men under the gravest suspicion—to tell their story unsifted, which finding the prisoner at a disastrous disadvantage through no fault of his, deliberately aggravates his difficulties! It is to the credit of English hearts that the sufferings of the prisoner of Rennes and his advocate—which affect English interests not at all—have held their attention more closely than the almost impudent dalliance of President Kruger—though that touches the prestige of England and may mean much to every Englishman.

In reality the situation in the Transvaal has changed little during the past week except that exasperation on both sides is getting sharper. Two things seem clear: the patience of the Government is, we might almost say, exhausted, and President Kruger does not intend to accept the proposal of a commission. It is of course quite untrue that the Colonial Secretary made further proposals on the basis of agreeing to arbitration in return for a five years' franchise. It seems now that Mr. Kruger will make a proposal that apparently fulfils the requirements laid down by Sir Alfred Milner. But until we have seen the scheme as officially declared and examined it for ourselves, we shall hesitate to congratulate either Pretoria or Downing Street. The five years may be granted, but that is not the vital point. And there remains the question, What set-off will Oom Paul set up against his own proposals? To offer to surrender on terms impossible for the other party to accept would be quite on the lines of Pretoria diplomacy.

President Kruger has hitherto acted on the principle adopted by Philip II. with disastrous results that "time and I are a match for any man," and the feelers thrown out by his organ in the Press can only be with a view to the gaining of further time in the hope of something turning up. The proposal that this country should again guarantee the independence of the Transvaal is under the existing Convention futile; for we have done so twice, but on conditions which Pretoria has not

observed. As to arbitration such a settlement of disputes between the Paramount Power and the Transvaal is only possible by the grace of the former, and is quite inadmissible with regard to their relative constitutional positions. Specific points, such as the Jameson indemnity, might well be fit subjects for arbitration, but all such matters are entirely subsidiary to the main point at issue, which the President will evade by every turn and shuffle possible in the game. We may trust the Government to pin him to the speedy enfranchisement of the Uitlanders. If there were no hope of his ultimately conceding as much the persistent arming of the Boers would be ominous indeed.

One point must be made quite clear; no settlement will be satisfactory which does not involve the dismantling of the forts which surround Johannesburg. No community can live in peace and amity with its neighbours so long as the Government thinks it necessary to mount guard round it with big guns which could sweep away in half an hour the inhabitants and their property. If a satisfactory franchise be granted such a menace will become an absurdity; there would not be much "equality" in the old electorate pointing guns at the new! When men may not even carry arms in self-defence they naturally ask why they should walk through life ringed round with cannon. A great deal of misapprehension exists regarding these forts. They are stated to be the result of the events of January 1895. They were not. The attempted revolution was rather the result of the forts, the contracts for the construction of which were signed long before. This was the last straw on the back of the harried Uitlander.

It would be very optimistic to assume that President Kruger will assent to dismantle the forts, and the certainty that he will not, except under virtual compulsion, does not make the prospect any the more hopeful. But he has not yet abandoned all idea of obtaining something in return for the concessions he may at last be forced to make. At the Bloemfontein Conference he made a strong point of Swaziland. Since then we have heard nothing about it, but are we so sure that it is a card he is not still wanting to play? He might well believe that with Swaziland in the possession of the Transvaal, bringing the territory of the Republic within touch of the sea, and with the Johannesburg forts manned by Boers, he could afford to make sweeping changes in the electorate. It is unnecessary, however, to question that the Government is sufficiently wide-awake to safeguard our position between the Transvaal and the sea.

The attempted assassination of Maître Labori at Rennes and the determined resistance of Jules Guérin in the Rue de Chabrol are, according to many, but the

seeds of a dangerous and perhaps bloodthirsty campaign. Threats fly about; men are beaten; revolvers go off. Heads and hatreds are hotter than ever: real fear has set in. Last week, M. Lépine discovered proofs of a Royalist plot; arrests were made, Déroulède, and some twenty alleged conspirators, taken. And to-day all available troops and policemen are ready to charge, and, if necessary, to strike. The convocation of the Chambers has been suggested by several deputies as a remedy; but this measure is not likely to be taken. Nor do we think that the situation would be in any way improved by a meeting at the Palais Bourbon, for M. Waldeck-Rousseau and his colleagues—the only men capable and courageous enough in France to-day to deal with danger in an exemplary fashion—would probably fail to get a vote of confidence, and fall. A cowardly ministry would be fatal under the existing circumstances; the utmost severity and a loyal disregard for popularity are necessary. If prosperity and peace are to be restored to the country, every effort must be made to allow the Dreyfus case to follow its course quietly and justly, and to get it finished expeditiously.

Much military is waiting to act at Rennes; but as the expected manifestations and brawls have not yet taken place, it is evident that the Nationalists and anti-Semites prefer to lie low for a while than to share M. Déroulède's fate. Everyone was indignant at the cowardly attack on Maître Labori; everyone left him a card, even Generals de Boisdeffre and Mercier. So keen was the sympathy that when M. Arthur Meyer of the "Gaulois" spoke harshly of the matter, he was immediately surrounded, and had to retreat. Perhaps the most villainous feature of the assault was the indifference of some dozen people—anti-Dreyfusards evidently—who passed the lawyer as he lay on the ground without heeding his calls. In Paris, madmen said this was a prearranged move of the "syndicate" to delay the trial, and were by no means appeased when it was argued that Maître Labori, with all his devotion for the cause, respected his person far too much to allow it to be made the butt of even a Dreyfusard's revolver. His pleading was terribly wanted on Monday, when he was to attack General Mercier.

On three or four occasions Captain Dreyfus has not been able to restrain himself, not been able to keep silent under his accusers' hypocrisy and lies. His reply to General Mercier—"Vous devriez le dire"—was pronounced with the same agony that marked his protestation of innocence on the first day of the trial; his criticism of M. Cavaignac's deposition was impressive and dignified. But throughout M. Lebon's account of the steps that were taken to prevent him being carried off by an American man-of-war, of the punishments inflicted, and of the "perfectly proper" behaviour of the infamous scoundrel Deniel, Captain Dreyfus—who must have been tortured by the story of his sufferings—neither moved a muscle nor said a word. Careful followers of the debates will have seen by now how vain and plausible, how malicious, are the men that condemned Captain Dreyfus; how wilful, too, inasmuch as they still pretend to believe him guilty of writing the bordereau.

Stirring scenes have taken place in the Rue de Chabrol throughout the week. No sooner did it become known that M. Jules Guérin and his forty disciples had refused to evacuate their headquarters than scores of anti-Semites took possession of the café opposite to encourage them with soup and cheers. Often Guérin came to the window to thunder a little and chant the "Marseillaise." When two passers-by jeered at him he brandished a pair of revolvers, and would probably have fired had he not seen that the unfortunate couple were being assaulted by his friends in the street. "Peuple de Paris," he cried one night before retiring, "ceux qui vont mourir te saluent." Tears were shed; everyone cheered. We have not the space to describe the brutal rushes and brawls that took place, in which many inoffensive people were injured; nor to relate how Guérin and his disciples kept watch on the roof all night; nor to follow the anti-Semitic mobs that smashed the windows of the "Lanterne" and other Dreyfusard papers as they arched down the boulevards and through the streets.

But it is useful to point out that M. Waldeck-Rousseau hesitated to give orders to storm the anti-Semitic headquarters because he knew that blood would be spilt, and that the sight of it might inflame the people and bring about, if not a revolution, at least grave and regrettable disorder.

An Englishman, soldier or civilian, should be devoutly thankful for the law of evidence which guides the proceedings of all our courts, civil or military, when he reads the reports of the trial at Rennes. The French are in the dark ages. We used to have similar scenes in the days when prisoners on trial for treason had to fight a conspiracy of the judges and counsel for the Crown to deny them the merest elements of justice. Witnesses then used not to produce proof but to make rhetorical speeches; and the accused was denied the service of counsel in his defence except for the mere argument of technical points of law. He was bullied and tortured and vituperative epithets were hurled at his head, or the most deadly insinuations were made in such a form that though they could neither be proved nor disproved yet they went a long way to get the unhappy wretch hanged, drawn and quartered. What has there been at Rennes but speeches for the prosecution from witnesses such as General Roget who was allowed to dispute the findings of the Court of Cassation which undertook the only serious investigation of evidence there has yet been in the case?

As if to destroy every sentiment of respect for the tribunal there is now added its refusal to adjourn. The reasons were characteristic. "Considerations of State"—in England that used to mean the man is to be convicted under any circumstances—and a technical objection which it was pointed out could be removed with very little inconvenience to the Court. The last was Gallic pur sang: "The whole world is waiting"! In England a prisoner's interests in such an important State trial would not have been at the mercy of a counsel's state of health. Experienced juniors would have been briefed and either of the two leaders (Maîtres Labori and Demange are on that footing) even if he had more particularly directed his attention to some special feature of the case would, with the coaching of the juniors, have been competent to deal with the whole. But in the circumstances an English Court would have adjourned even a running down case if the junior had been willing to miss his own chance of making a mark.

The whole matter of the "Leda" and the French fishing-boat is sincerely to be regretted, but it is a deplorable accident which might occur at any moment and the wonder is that it does not do so more often. The patience of officers on gunboats carrying out their duties is sorely tried at times, and it may well be that on this occasion a little more law might have been allowed to the offenders. But the version given by some French papers is mere moonshine. The truth is there was one discharge intended to disable the rigging. The mast was struck, but unfortunately the bullet glanced off and struck the steersman. Several splinters of wood also entered his body but there was only one gunshot wound. The Paris journals which talk so glibly of "murder" should remember what happened in West Africa when an English officer was deliberately shot by the Senegalese under the orders of a French officer, though no hostilities were in progress. The true facts of that case never reached the public here. That they did not is sufficient evidence of the conciliatory disposition of our Government towards France and should invite a return now.

It was not to be expected that Graf Thun's round way with the Austrian factions should commend itself to them whose insubordination made it necessary. But even the opponents of absolutism must admit that parliamentarism had been given every chance, had been found hopelessly wanting, and had left but the one alternative. The fact that Graf Badeni was not altogether successful on similar lines need not discourage, for the failure of constitutional methods had not then been made so abundantly clear. And Graf Thun would appear to be the stronger statesman. But even though he may presently find it politic to loosen the reins some-

what—for after all Article XIV. is only an emergency brake—the whole episode will not appear regrettable. The supreme recourse to authority will have been recognised as a salutary safeguard, the unpatriotic character of the extreme German party will have been revealed, and the Los von Rom movement will have served to strengthen the Church in danger. The Belgian lead has been followed in Austria and a general election is alone needed for the full consolidation of a beneficent reaction.

Though we have felt obliged at times to criticise the policy of the Government in China there is no denying that the declaration of the Russian Government regarding Talienwan is a vindication of Lord Salisbury's attitude so far as that port is concerned. The Russian Government have been forced to go further than they intended. Lord Salisbury's original announcement was that Talienwan was to be a "free" port. At the request of the Russian Ambassador he withdrew this statement and substituted the words "treaty port," meaning of course a port where heavy dues were payable as in the other Treaty Ports. We may regard the welcome reversion to the Prime Minister's original statement as implying a victory for M. de Witte and his liberal fiscal policy. He has at length carried his point, that the development of Russian resources is the true statesmanship. The logic of facts has also gone to show the reactionists that Russia cannot, unassisted by foreign capital, hope to carry out this development. It is the conviction that Talienwan can only pay under liberal conditions that has been forced home on the old Russian party and has won M. de Witte his notable victory; though whether that victory will bring any material benefit to English commerce may be doubtful.

The news that the Sultan of Morocco has consented to open to traders two ports in the land of Sus goes far to endorse our contention for full reliance in the diplomacy of Her Majesty's representative at Tangier. Supererogatory displays of force on the part of irresponsible individuals can only complicate a promising position, and it is to be hoped that in future the necessary negotiations may not be diverted from their duly authorised channels. We can express nothing but satisfaction that Major Spilsbury's unfortunate indiscretion should have been so readily overlooked and that, thanks to Sir Arthur Nicolson's wisdom and prudence, our political and commercial prestige in Morocco is now more definitely assured than it has been during a long generation. It is to be hoped that Sir Arthur will not be disturbed before his present important work has been fully matured.

Serious industrial troubles are on foot in the United States. Reliable sources of information warn us that the employment of the military in repressing the mining disturbances in Idaho has roused the leaders of the labour party to very energetic action. In their remonstrances to the President, the language they used was of the most threatening character, and a very strong line will be taken in the active campaign which is now in sight. The whole system of Trusts is of course singled out for attack, and some of the most notorious holders in these monopolies are discreetly providing against future events. The visit of Mr. Mark Hanna and others to Europe, far from having the high political objects mysteriously hinted at, is simply connected with their own schemes for shifting their burdens on to the shoulders of English and Continental capitalists. It will be interesting to note whether the latter are sufficiently ill-informed to be caught. Meanwhile, in spite of the Philippine muddle, the annexation fever is raging unabated, and the seizure of S. Domingo is being pressed upon the United States Government. Altogether a pretty series of complications at home and abroad are awaiting President McKinley in his last year of office.

We call attention elsewhere to the extraordinary development which might await South American lands under English guidance. Singularly à propos of this is a well arranged account of the present condition of diamond-mining in Brazil to be found in the last series of the United States Consular Reports. There is at present only one attempt to work the rich diamond

fields of that country on the most approved modern methods, and that is being made by a French company which has recently purchased a large tract of land. It is extremely difficult to gauge accurately the diamond output, for no statistics are kept and all estimates are more or less conjectural. The native miner is an extremely conservative being and no real effort has been made hitherto to work mines so as to get all out of them that nature has put there. Immense deposits have already been irrevocably lost by the short-sighted style in which mining has been conducted in the past. They are now buried beneath piles of detritus cast upon them by early miners. Evidently here is a district crying out for capital and enterprise. The writer of the Report is "gratified to see that the cars and engines" in use on the central railroad "were made in the States."

Whatever effect the establishment of a great national bank for India, with an office in London, may have on currency and exchange, it must serve at least to popularise India as a field for investment of English capital. The scheme for such an institution got an impulse from the Currency Committee and is being pushed along with the recommendations more germane to its special purpose. The currency measures may be trusted to go through with unusual speed. When Mr. Dawkins accepted the post of Finance Minister he was also offered the senior partnership in the London house of J. S. Morgan and Co., the Anglo-American bankers. It was finally arranged that he should go to India for one year, to assist the new departures in her currency system. Next winter he will leave someone else to carry on the measures he is now inaugurating—an arrangement which has its drawbacks if it has its advantages.

In Sir A. Cotton, whose prolonged life almost covered the century, India has lost her most strenuous advocate for canals as the cure of all her economic ills. It has been given to few men to create as much practical proof of their theories as Sir A. Cotton could point to in the vast irrigation works which he pioneered in Madras. He did great things and he dreamed still greater ones. His mind refused to recognise any limitations on his theories. His imperfect acquaintance with Upper India and the conditions of irrigation from the snow-fed streams of the Himalayas sometimes betrayed him into hasty judgment or petulant expression which obscured the value of his opinions. Nevertheless his example and his persistent teachings have done more than the work of any one man to develop canals in India.

The new commander in South Africa is a younger man by some seven years than his predecessor; and though not so well known to the army or to the public as the latter—whose military senior, however, he is—his reputation is a high one. His previous South African experience—not the least important item of which is the fact that he acted for a short time as military secretary to Sir Bartle Frere—has been considerable. As assistant military secretary to Sir A. Cunningham he served in the Kaffir war; and, besides being on the staff in the Zulu war and subsequently commanding a fort, he was A.A. and Q.M.G. to Sir Charles Warren in the Bechuanaland expedition of 1884. Yet although he has commanded in Egypt and at Devonport he can hardly be said to have Sir William Butler's experience in commanding men in the field.

Do none of our public men read history? Here is Mr. Gerald Balfour, undoubtedly a man of high culture, making the very mistake of which we convicted Mr. Chamberlain but a short time since. Co-operative production, according to Mr. Balfour, is an endeavour to substitute an industrial republic for an industrial monarchy. The figure involves a double blunder. It assumes, on the one hand, in the teeth of all history, that a republic connotes democracy and equality; it suggests, on the other hand, that a monarch stands in similar relation to his subjects with that of an employer to his men—a suggestion ludicrously false. The relation of a sovereign to his people—except among some savages where the people are his slaves and so in his possession—is that of the manager in an industrial concern or the general in an

army. He controls and directs the movements of the whole, but no one is in his employ; the others no more belong to him than he to them. Mr. Balfour's own argument enforces the point. Capital does not involve the relation of employer and employed; nor does co-operation do away with the necessity of governor and governed. Where co-operation has broken down, it has been owing to the failure to realise the necessity of securing the best managers—in political terms the most competent governing class. It has nothing to do with means—a co-operative community can afford to pay the same salary as a "capitalistic" society. Mr. Balfour's speech was interesting, but hardly does he seem to have thought out his subject.

Mr. Chaplin has been taken to task for an utterance which in our view contains more statesmanship than marks most of the Right Honourable gentleman's public performances. In suggesting that the problem of providing pensions for old age might be rendered very much less difficult if recourse were had to indirect taxation, he was touching a question which will one day exercise the minds of sober social reformers more closely than any other. Any one, who chooses or has the capacity to look forward, cannot help seeing that the obstacle to the State carrying through various proposals which most of us would agree were publicly beneficial, will not be their socialistic character but the impossibility of finding the money under our present fiscal system. We are quite aware—who is so happy as not to be?—of the stock arguments of the "Free-trader" as to the defects of indirect taxation as a means of raising revenue but the logic of facts will tell too strongly for him in the end.

Indeed, it is nothing but political association that now keeps large numbers from forsaking the present system; and when it comes to be seen and felt that it is that system which prevents the trying of great social experiments—for everything new is an experiment—old age pensions are an experiment—they will be converted. Whether Mr. Chaplin in suggesting a small duty on corn adopted the best expedient is, of course, a different question; but at the least it was not foolish. There was no need for such feverish haste on the part of Sir Francis Powell to dissociate himself from Mr. Chaplin's plan. Probably no one would have thought of him in connexion with that (any more than with anything else) whether he wrote to the "Times" or not; then he should have known that his zeal will be put down to motives other than the desire to save his dear constituents from hunger. In any case, the danger of a corn tax was not exactly pressing; but a general election is!

The Chancellor of London's decision in regard to the S. Ethelburga's crucifix is far more open to historical criticism than many of the legal decisions against which the Ritualists protest. The principle of it would seem to be that a crucifix in an Anglican church is unlawful, because it is not an ecclesiastical ornament and cannot be safely treated as an ecclesiastical decoration. The comment on this is that neither sixteenth nor seventeenth century opinion condemned crucifixes nor lighted candles in a church per se as illegal, a point exhaustively illustrated in the case of *Read v. the Bishop of Lincoln*. The crucifix in Queen Elizabeth's chapel was attacked as superstition but never denounced as illegal by her divines. More important—the Long Parliament by its Ordinance 28 August, 1643, declared crucifixes illegal. If Dr. Tristram's view is correct, it is difficult to see, why this Ordinance, no doubt inspired by Prynne, was ever thought to be necessary. *Prima facie* it is hard to see why an "inert crucifix" (to quote legal language) should not be as legal in the Established Church of England as it is in the Established Church of Norway. And but for the foolish distortion of the meaning of the Ornaments Rubric by the ultra-Ritualists public opinion would probably take the same view. It is well the question is going to Sir Arthur Charles.

In the "Labour Gazette" for the month we come across a gruesome paragraph relating to the industrial accidents, reported from various sources as directed by statute, during the month of July. During this year so

far there has been a very considerable increase of fatal and other accidents over the corresponding period of the year 1898. No doubt the eyes of critics hostile to the Workmen's Compensation Act will look sharply after these and similar statistics. It is true that the increase applies to the occupations which come under the Act because, for the most part, they happen to be the same in which various officials have cast upon them the duty of giving notice. But it is worth pointing out that one of these, that described as shipping, does not come under the Compensation Act, and yet it happens that there is an increase of accidents for 1899 over 1898 just as in the other occupations.

University education in Scotland is so easily obtained by classes who are not educated in the ordinary public school sense that defects in secondary education have always been the despair of University professors. There are other aspects of the question hardly of less importance with which public opinion is becoming more and more impressed; and this change of feeling will make the efforts of the local educational authorities more fruitful in introducing provisions for higher education in their districts. Certain sections of their constituencies have had a prejudice against it as if it were a matter of interest to one class only: but it is in course of removal. From Sir Henry Craik's report for this year it is apparent that the resources and methods of higher education are being increased and transformed. Local authorities will find a sufficient reward for the extra expenditure incurred in thoroughly equipping their higher-class schools.

Mr. Murray was well advised in writing to the "Times" to correct some of the ludicrously false impressions left by the decision in the case of *Walter v. Lane*; for his letter will disabuse the public of the idea that it is a question of the publishers against the press. There is a curious simplicity—not to speak of it by the harder name of stupidity—in the notion of many commentators on this case that to claim copyright in a report of a speech is to claim it in the speech itself. The notion rests on the assumption that a speech as reported is the same thing with the speech as spoken—the which how far it is from true most speakers and all reporters can testify. If it were true, which would gain or lose the more—speaker or reader? Indignation at the "murdering" of their speeches by reporters is a commonplace of orators' conversation—but did the great majority of them but once see a speech of theirs set down precisely as spoke, they would never wish to escape "murdering" again. Sometimes a speech suffers from the reporter's humour, doubtless; but that is generally when he undertakes to condense as well as to report; when his and the speaker's view as to what are the best things in the speech do not always coincide. But if a report purports to give the speech in its entirety we believe the speaker nearly always gains in the process—when the reporting is carried out as it is in the "Times," certainly so.

What outsider could tell what becomes of the tea not destroyed as unfit for food but which cannot be admitted for use as a beverage? According to the report of the Government Laboratory it is "denatured," and after being mixed in bond with asafetida and lime it is used for making caffeine and becomes medicinal. Tobacco, we learn on the same authority, requires a good deal of watching, as its consumption is increasing. We are now at 2 lbs. per head, though owing to the Budget the present year has been exceptional in the customs clearances. But the duty reduction and the restriction of the limit of moisture have a good deal to do with the extra eight and a half million or more pounds cleared. When you want to concoct a tooth-powder you treat snuff with oxide of iron and dragon's blood and call it Spanish Sabilla. Beer tests the morality of London and the provinces. In London a publican occasionally commits the audacity of diluting thirty-six gallons of "beer" with ten gallons of real water. The Laboratory people make no remark about the defective water supply of London: it is perhaps too obvious. In the provinces beer is beer; perhaps they want to give us an additional reason for a holiday in the country.

## THE RISING HOPES.

WE passed in review last week the performances of the more prominent competitors in the sessional contest. It is with the leaders' records that the public not unnaturally most concerns itself; but for such as care to take long views, to discover what the present has in store for the future, there is a yet stronger fascination in following the movements of the leaders *in posse*. Hope is more attractive than realisation. It leaves room for imagination. Of the politicians recognised as rising, though already well above the horizon, only two have distinctly improved their reputations: Lord Selborne in the Upper House and Mr. George Wyndham in the Lower. It is no derogation from their success to point out that it has largely been due to their exceptional opportunities as junior members of an Administration in which some of the Chiefs are more distinguished for sound principles and latent ability than for demonstrative industry. On Lord Selborne, rather than on any colleague of Cabinet rank, Lord Salisbury has devolved most of the duties which his dual position as Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary has prevented him from discharging in person. They who were acquainted with him as Mr. Palmer or Lord Wolmer were well aware that the late Lord Chancellor's son had inherited his father's power of getting through a mass of work and coming up smiling at the end. But they had not credited him with the tact and moderation which he has exhibited this Session on questions so provocative as the Church crisis and the pecuniary claims of the Clergy. And the statement which he read to the House of Lords at the conclusion of an important speech on the occasion of an anxious moment in our relations with the Transvaal gained in dignified impressiveness from his manner of delivery. In the House of Commons he had on more than one occasion allowed his convictions to run away with his judgment. Since that time he has gone to school at the Colonial Office, where, like his Chief, he seems to have been mellowed by conflict and balanced, rather than over-weighted, by the sense of responsibility. But it is much to his advantage that he has not quite immersed himself in departmental work. And the same may be said of Mr. George Wyndham, although this Session he has almost confined his public appearances to questions connected with the War Office, in which he has displayed a rare gift of lucid exposition, a rapidly acquired mastery of details, and a readiness in debate which mark him out for future success in the House of Commons, and also—we trust—as an Administrator. His previous experiences as private secretary to Mr. Arthur Balfour at the Irish Office, his keen interest in Imperialism, and (not least) his undiminished zest for letters should be sufficient guarantees against his ever sinking to the rank of mere departmental hacks—the worthy men who go the round of the minor offices, and think themselves lucky if towards the end of their humdrum careers they are admitted to the Cabinet on condition that they are seen but not heard and will not apply for a pension.

Able as Lord Selborne and Mr. George Wyndham have proved themselves to be, it is recognised in the House of Commons that both may easily be out-distanced by the representative of a younger generation. It lies with Lord Hugh Cecil himself to decide whether he shall be the fourth Prime Minister in his family. Some of the qualities possessed by the father have passed to the son: the concentrated thought and unswerving logic, the solid eloquence illuminated with unexpected gleams of a saturnine humour, the power of mastering details in his own mind yet presenting only the broad aspects to public appreciation—these are great talents for a future statesman. And Lord Hugh Cecil has hitherto avoided those indiscretions of speech which at one time seemed likely to spoil his father's career. But if the Lord Robert of the 'Fifties and 'Sixties and 'Seventies suffered for his cynicism there is some danger that the Lord Hugh of the new century may be prejudiced by his earnestness. Throughout this Session he has scarcely risen in his place except on some question connected with the Church of England. Even on the London Government Bill he was chiefly concerned to

exempt ecclesiastical charities from the new authority. He does not conceal, if he has not openly avowed, his belief that, as the old philosopher put it, the first duty of statesmanship is to make good citizens. Set up a worthy character, a noble ideal, in the people, and there will naturally come about—it may be soon, it may be late—a steady gradual improvement in things external. Injustice and hardship will wither away because the dishonest and the unmerciful will be a dwindling and unimportant minority. For good laws you want good citizens; for good citizens you want good training; and for good training you want good religion.

There are many public men who will accept this reasoning who are nevertheless convinced that there is a converse to the principle that the character of a people modifies the conditions of daily life. It is equally true that conditions react on character. In a sense we are all of us the creatures of circumstance. And it is this aspect of the double truth which has been seized upon by politicians such as Mr. Lionel Holland amongst the Tories and Mr. H. J. Tennant amongst the Radicals. The tinge of Socialism with which they are credited they do not and indeed need not care to disclaim: it is constructive and progressive, not destructive and reactionary. It is based on benevolence to the poor, not on envy of the rich. But social reformers of this type tend to be as one-sided, with their practical and material remedies, as Lord Hugh Cecil and Earl Percy and Lord Cranborne with their almost exclusive trust in religious education. The statesman who can only hold out material rewards is but a captain of mercenaries; he is followed simply because he shows his troops the way to the prizes of war, not because they are comrades in a common cause. The notion that men can only be made better by being made happier is as delusive as that they can only be made happier by being made better. The view taken by Lord Hugh Cecil relies exclusively on the higher, while that adopted by Mr. Lionel Holland appeals mainly to the lower instincts in human nature.

Between these two groups which we have described under the names of their most distinctive representatives, there is at present nothing approaching to antagonism. Indeed, they have a certain active sympathy in their common dislike for that antiquated school of which it would be equally unkind and invidious to name many disconcerted exemplars—puffy, purseproud types of selfish and generally vulgar prosperity—politicians whose creed begins and ends with taking twopence off the income-tax and keeping the lower orders in their places. Towards this "Marshall and Snelgrove" Conservatism (to borrow the famous phrase of Lord Randolph Churchill) both sections of the Young Conservatism feel an equal antipathy. Otherwise, however, they seem in some danger of drifting apart. If they work separately, and each for its own object exclusively, it is to be feared that not only will they both lose influence, but they will allow the whole party to be once again dominated by the bourgeois element which brought it to ruin in 1880. A Church group can do little by itself: the Socialist group will do less. But the future is with them if they combine forces and fuse their ideals. To carry this object out successfully so as to command the confidence and support of the whole party, it is necessary that the leaders should not confine themselves each to his own special line. On foreign policy, on the Estimates, on finance, they have scarcely taken the trouble to show that they have formed opinions of their own. Except in addressing their constituents they speak only on their own subjects. It was not by this premature specialisation that Lord Robert Cecil first made himself dreaded for his wit and then accepted for his statesmanship: it was not by talking only about trade and Local Government that Mr. Chamberlain forced his way into Mr. Gladstone's second Cabinet.

## EUROPE AND THE AMERICAS.

AFRICA has ceased to be the Sphinx of world-politics. The limits of European domination are practically settled there during such period as the Powers preserve their present capacities for defence and aggression. South America is taking Africa's

place as the Dark Continent, as the sphere where the problems of trade and population will have to be worked out by the Western nations. Yet we are slow indeed to grasp the possibilities which lie in that direction. We have, it is true, bestirred ourselves at last to some conception of the importance of an awakened China, but we have yet to recognise the infinite promise which a regenerated South America would offer to our industries and commerce. Germany showed more grasp of the situation when the war was proceeding between Spain and the States—that is, she foresaw the future of European enterprise in those parts menaced by the ambitions of the Northern Power. We have accepted it almost as an axiom of sound policy that friendly relations with the United States is the only object worth aiming at in the Western Hemisphere. A few music-hall ditties and after-dinner speeches convince us that that object is secured, and we would forthwith ignore all American concerns as the contemptible strife of parties. Nor do our newspapers help us honestly to obtain information as to the hopes and designs of leading Americans who have views on foreign policy. It is still worse with the Southern Continent. "Another revolution in South America" and the newspaper reader complacently deplores the degeneracy of the Latin races and dismisses the subject. The meeting of the Presidents of Argentina and Brazil should move us to shake off the lethargy which seizes us when this land of promise comes up for consideration.

Many causes militate against the possibility of a satisfactory development of Southern America from within. A climate which produces almost without effort enough to sustain life and the sparseness of the population, have preserved the inhabitants from the acuter forms of our struggle for existence. The physical configuration of the country is such that intercommunication between neighbouring States is difficult, and political connexion is therefore difficult too. The races which inhabit the Continent have inherited from the Spaniards, whose blood flows in their veins, the results of centuries of colonial misrule. They have that lack of the "habitude de gouverner" which the great Napoleon pointed out as a paralysing defect. It is to these faults of situation and inheritance, rather than to a rooted love of disorder and revolution that we must attribute the failure of the political institutions of these States. Whatever the explanation of the courtesies of Rio, whether it be to mature a scheme of common defence against external aggression, or merely a fiscal union, or a mutual Arbitration Treaty to which Chile is a party, such a meeting is a sign of awakening life which it would be folly to ignore. The United States of Central America, which already consist of three small States, and may ere long consist of five, has set an example which the stupendous territories of the South evidently have some idea of imitating. A confederated South America would not fall an easy prey to the spoiler, nor would a united Brazil and Argentina. Though the dearth of great statesmen is at present a deplorable fact in the politics of the Latin race, it is far from inconceivable that the apparition of such a man in one of the larger Republics might lead to a hegemony in South America with far-reaching consequences.

The lesson which Von Humboldt tried to teach Europe has, as yet, been imperfectly learned, though Goethe understood its import. In spite of expansion everywhere else the widest and most fruitful field for European enterprise yet lies untitled. The whole of these lands is still a veritable Hesperides Garden. The Argentine Republic has an area as great as that of all Central and Western Europe and it could sustain as large a population. Yet, even including Indian tribes, its population is not equal to that of London, while the climate of a great part of it is fitted to afford European settlers a healthy habitation.

What might not the prosperity of Brazil grow to with its 4,000 miles of seaboard and a river giving 30,000 miles of navigation within its own territory? Yet here only one acre in 200 is under cultivation. Residence in many portions of the Continent is impossible for the European, if he is to labour with his hands, but who can doubt that a prodigious development awaits these

lands, with untold mineral resources, when some stability of government is obtained? In many parts our surplus population will find it possible to live and thrive, in others native labour under the direction of English energy would bring out the riches of the soil and give employment to foreign capital. For these reasons, as well as from goodwill towards a much-abused population, we would gladly see the establishment of stronger government in South America.

If such a desirable state of things is attainable under South American rule it will be brought about by pressure from the North. The partial or complete alliance between Brazil, Argentina and Chile is the result of the recent growth of American acquisitiveness. No political maxim has suffered such perversion as the Monroe Doctrine, though the perversion of maxims is profitable study for the student of politics. Monroe and Canning both spoke together and both meant "South America for the South Americans." The dream of the far-seeing American to-day is "South America for the North Americans." The dragon of Monroe serves to protect the golden crop against the incursions of the Old World until what time the fruit is wanted for a nearer neighbour. There are signs that that time is within measurable distance.

If the English newspaper reader were favoured with the really important items of news from the United States he would have learned that the labour question there was again assuming dangerous proportions. We call attention to this elsewhere in a note drawn from exceptionally well-informed sources. The States have been saved hitherto from undertaking the solution of the more dangerous social problems of European countries by the possession of vast unoccupied territories. These spaces are already drawing in enough for their limits to be discerned. Naturally the least intelligent statesman, who cares for the future of his country and the preservation of a political unity which will by then be seriously menaced, is looking for the field of future American expansion in population, industry and commerce. He sees that field in the Southern Continent and the West Indian Islands. The events of the last two years have already put him in secure possession of the richest of the latter, and the conduct of this country would seem to have gone far to insure the former to the American sphere of influence. Our future in the West has never received so severe a blow as was dealt to it by Lord Salisbury's recognition of the right of North American interference in South American concerns. If such a doctrine is to be pushed to its extreme limits, American enterprise alone will be entitled to the active protection of American fleets or armies, and any hope of developing the richest lands of the globe must vanish for us. This question must assume a still graver aspect so soon as the United States seriously take in hand the construction of the canal across the Isthmus of Nicaragua. This work formed a plank in the Republican platform at the last election, and, in spite of the opposition of the great railroads, its completion is a certainty of the future. Though we believe it will deal to our commerce perhaps the greatest blow it has ever sustained at one moment, to obstinately cling to the exact wording of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty would be to take up an untenable position. But our rights under it are so clear that no civilised nation can ignore them, and we shall expect our statesmen to drive their bargain with a clear view to the immense interests involved. Under that treaty we gave up our claims on the Mosquito coast and are entitled to some equivalent. It would be the most criminal folly to shut our eyes to the possibilities of the future. Enemies possibly, rivals certainly, we must be with the United States in the years to come. An irritating jobbing opposition on small points is to be deprecated, but we must evince a clear determination that the broad basis of our statecraft is to vindicate our full share in the future development of South America.

#### LONDON CADIS.

ONE of the standing puzzles of a world where we sit and hear each other groan over various maladjustments of the positions marked out for us by

fortune and in men's eyes is why their emoluments and dignities, if any, are not more proportioned to their utility to society. The office of a London magistrate is a very good illustration of the general rule drawn from the special sphere of law. What is its place in the legal hierarchy? What are its rewards and dignities? We never heard of any aspiring brilliant youth intended for the Bar stimulating himself, or being encouraged to noble efforts by others, parents, guardians or professors, by the prospect of obtaining a metropolitan police court magistracy. It is only at about the age of forty-five, speaking generally, that the office becomes covetable by the man who no longer expects to reach the higher slopes of his profession; when ambition is replaced by a consuming desire for security of income, and ease even with a minimum of dignity. There are revising barristerships and recorder-ships, most eagerly desired; and to second-rank men masterships of the High Court, County Court judgeships and Metropolitan Police Magistracies are the highest prizes of their dreams. The least of these three are the last. Pecuniarily equivalent to either of the other two, the legal scale of precedence has yet not allotted them a status, and the London magistrate, in the etiquette of his profession and the general social scale, is dependent on his mere rank as a barrister for his recognition by Masters of Ceremonies. Not many—in fact only one—of the twenty-five metropolitan magistrates is of Counsel for the Queen, with its attendant superiority of precedence; though since the days of blind Sir John Fielding, the brother or half-brother of Henry Fielding the author of "Tom Jones," it has almost become a custom that the magistrate presiding at Bow Street, the headquarters of the metropolitan magistracy for almost exactly a hundred and fifty years, shall have conferred upon him the non-professional rank of what the heralds know as Knight Bachelorship. Recently, until within the last two or three months, two of the magistrates indeed at Bow Street have been of this rank; the two venerable personages, Sir John Bridge, who held the statutory post and title of Chief Magistrate, and his colleague Sir James Vaughan, who had sat upon the metropolitan Bench for thirty-five years at the time of his retirement in July last. Sir John's retirement, which has taken place this week, therefore left open an office not without its well-marked distinction and dignity; and with its emolument of £1,800 a year it may even be considered as a rather considerable prize of the legal profession. The rank and file of the magistracy, too, when reflecting upon the superior altitude of the County Court judges cannot overlook the compensation involved in an equal salary of £1,500 a year.

Another reflection should also recur to the magistrate in what we know of the history of his office—taking Bow Street as the cradle of his race. His services to society in the detection and punishment of crime have always been acknowledged; and of later years his field of influence, as the almost paternal adviser and friend of the decent poor in many of the domestic and other embarrassments in which they find themselves involved, has been greatly extended. Indeed the office has become from the philanthropic point of view one that all benevolent and warm-hearted lawyers ought to be most of all attracted by; and would no doubt be, if lawyers were as altruistic in their motives and actions as of course all other classes of society are. But originally the metropolitan magistrate had many prejudices to contend against which he has now lived down; and he has established himself in a position of much less invidiousness as well as of greater pecuniary advantage. While Henry Fielding was drawing up in 1750 his "Inquiry into the increase of robbers in London with suggestions for remedies," which he dedicated to Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, Horace Walpole mentions a visit paid to Fielding by two persons, certainly not friends. "They found him at supper on some cold mutton and a bone of ham, both in one dish, and the dirtiest cloth." Scott thought Fielding's position was "humiliating," and at any rate it was not greatly regarded, if it were not actually despised by his fine friends. The late Mr. Montagu Williams, Q.C., one of the most philanthropic

of magistrates, describing the nature of the position he and his colleagues filled, says that one of their numerous duties was to be at the disposal of anyone who desired to ask a question or to unfold a tale of sorrow and distress. Such it was, too, more or less, in Henry Fielding's day; but there were drawbacks then which his modern representatives do not suffer from. He was partly paid by fees: and he has left the record that by making up quarrels and refusing the last shillings of the poor he reduced £500 a year, "and the dirtiest money on earth, to little more than £300—most of which went to his clerk." Of his brother, Sir John Fielding who succeeded him, after assisting him several years, it was said, with the unscrupulousness of eighteenth-century invective, that he was of a "turbulent disposition," inasmuch that he made money by encouraging, and then detecting criminals; and that eight out of ten of the persons executed at Tyburn owed their ruin to the fatal and numerous examples of vice collected about Bow Street. Additional enormities were that he was wicked enough to admit reporters and supply them with pen and ink "which cruelly exposes the criminals;" and that he received fifty guineas a year from two papers for procuring them police advertisements. And, indeed, they had curious methods in those days. Henry Fielding advised a plan for suppressing robbers; and it consisted in providing informers by means of a fund to be supplied out of public money.

As an historical fact it is curious, and as a social fact interesting to the philanthropist, that the police magistracy should have so soon been utilised as part of an improved system which then began to grow up for the improvement of the lot of the poor. The two Fieldings started, or tried to start, a "Universal Registry Office" or advertising agency. It was Henry's experience as a magistrate which led him to propose legislation for stopping the terrible gin-drinking habits of his time of which Mr. Lecky has given so vivid an account. So too with his proposals about effectual provision for the poor. Sir John had a plan for rescuing deserted girls, and another for sending "distressed" boys into the Navy and the mercantile marine. In all this we see the commencement of the tradition which has been worthily continued by the London magistracy of their close association with the lives of the London poorer classes. Our High Court Judges are to these classes as the "careless gods;" and even the County Court Judges are surrounded with a mystery scarcely less impenetrable. But the London "beak" divested of all the trappings of wig and gown, and sitting and listening patiently and good-humouredly to the naive outpourings of his squalid but respectable clientèle, occupies a position amongst them which is more intimate with the sorrows of their daily lives than that of any other person except the clergyman of the parish. Amidst much that is unsatisfactory in our legal system we may congratulate ourselves on the London magistracy: and it is impossible to over-estimate its beneficent effect in making the machinery of our society move easily in parts where it most readily gets out of order. There is a tendency, indeed, to overweight the magistrates with a variety of business which may make them too exclusively legal functionaries. Probably such matters as now come before them in connexion with the Education Acts and the Health Laws might more properly be undertaken by special tribunals; and generally whatever tends to increase the necessity for the appointment of more technically learned lawyers is to be regretted. We should not like to see our present class of magistrates replaced by men more learned but less kindly, and less what we know as gentlemen and men of the world; a class which the poor much more easily understand and admire than the other. It is much more important that the State should have an official in each of our City quarters imbued with the spirit of Montagu Williams when for the first time as he says he came face to face with the misery, destitution, and patience of the poorer classes, than a lawyer to give learned decisions on the Building Acts. We cannot have the "Poor Box" side of magisterial functions minimised without social loss. It is the magistrate who knows, or ought to know, his district better than anyone else, knows where the greatest

poverty is, knows the state of the several industries, and may if he chooses, surrounded as he is by officers who are in constant touch with the people, exercise an influence which the greatest and best of men might be proud and happy to possess.

#### OXFORD EXTENDED.

OXFORD, as everybody knows, is the mother of movements: she has resigned many of her attributes under the pressure of the modern spirit but this she has retained: and for the last few weeks the venerable parent has been given up to the cultus of her latest offspring. "University Extension" is a very modern bantling indeed. It represents the most popular of modern convictions, it illustrates the most characteristic of modern educational methods. Moreover it has already organised itself as an interest: and thus secured a better pledge of permanence than its merits. Its future is safe, if its merits be small.

The grand principle of the movement is borrowed from the nursery: it is the principle of amiable deception. Young Hopeful swallows the mixture he needs under the pleasing delusion that he is enjoying a delicacy: he learns by subtly devised amusements: and at every turn his vanity is summoned to aid his fragile interest. It is education in disguise; doctrine on the sly; carriage-exercise of the faculties. It was our fortune to visit Oxford during the "Summer Meeting" which has just come to an end; and though the bewilderment of our minds can only be equalled by the intellectual condition of Mr. Verdant Green, when first he visited the University town, yet certain broad features of our experience are indelibly stamped on our memories. The horrible unnaturalness of the phenomenon almost paralysed one at first. It was the middle of the Long: the weather was "Neo-Anglican," observing no accustomed limits in its ardour: yet Oxford, so far from being wrapped in slumber, was feverishly active. The "vast halls" of the Examination Schools echoed the footsteps of eager crowds: gowned figures appeared fitfully among the gownless (*sensu academico*) multitude "*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*:" even the colleges had an aspect of untimely and præternatural vitality. We strolled into S. Mary's on Sunday: the church was thronged: the gallery even was thronged with—students. It was not a University Sermon so much as a "dream of fair women," though an eloquent Bishop addressed many delicate academic compliments to his congregation, and the quotations in a learned language made a great impression.

The "students," however, were astonishingly in earnest: their academic character was no pleasant fiction but intensely real to them: the zeal with which they worked through the whole scheme of lectures was wonderful. And that scheme was enough to humble the pride of the heaviest don of either University. It covered the whole range of learning: it omitted nothing: it left nothing in doubt. The lecturers were besieged at the close of their harangues by earnest inquirers, thirsting for knowledge. We were reminded of an institution familiar to Oxonians of the seventeenth century. "During the time that the celebrated Dr. Owen was dean of Christ Church, a regular office for the satisfaction of doubtful consciences was held at Oxford. How long it continued, or what were the numbers that resorted to it"—observes Bishop Heber—"I am not informed." He adds sagely, "It possibly was of the shorter duration from the ludicrous name of 'scruple-shop,' which was given it by the younger students." Certainly the schools had the aspect of a huge "scruple-shop" in which all conceivable problems were solved infallibly, and to adopt a familiar mercantile expression "while you wait." Of course there was amusement. Parties on the river, in All Souls, at Blenheim. The colleges were regularly "done" by batches of the tourists, we mean students under the guidance of eloquent dons. Bicycles in myriads dashed in all directions, and the platforms of the railway-station were to the ordinary traveller "a bad dream." All this added a touch of grotesqueness to the whole. We had been assisting at a play: the lectures were not serious: the men in gowns were

actors: and the "Summer Meeting" itself a "Variety Entertainment" of a novel kind.

When serious reflection came to its proper task of criticising and chastening these general impressions, we were in no small perplexity. What is the worth of this movement? Is "University Extension" a genuine thing? or must we assign it a place in the crowded museum of democratic ideals which have come to nought? We are not quite certain whether the "Summer Meeting" provides an equitable basis for answering these questions. The hundreds of young ladies who enjoyed their visit to Oxford so thoroughly can hardly represent a movement which we have been repeatedly assured has wonderfully influenced the sturdy artisans of the North: and yet we have been told by people who claim to know that the artisan tends to yield to the young lady in the Extension lecturer's audiences. Certainly that would be the conclusion of anyone whose share in the "great work" of extending the University consisted in contributing to the deficits of "courses" that failed. On the whole we are disposed to conclude that for a small minority, mainly of the school-teaching class, the University Extension lectures are of real service and so worth continuing, but that generally they provide idle people with cheap and comparatively wholesome amusement, and in the process endow them with fresh and quite superfluous inducements to intellectual self-conceit. It is to be feared that attendance at University Extension lectures bears much the same relation to education as the reading of snippet literature to culture.

#### RENNES.

THAT modern Rennes should as the censorious correspondents tell us be ready to make itself the centre of either a red or white terror must seem a strange fancy to the English tourist, who has walked through the peaceful streets of its *ville haute* or *ville basse*, or lingered on any of the bridges that span the river Vilaine and unite the two. The appearance of the old Breton capital carries with it to the Englishman's mind the impression of a prosperous, comfortable, and withal of a dignified provincial town. It is at once an ecclesiastical and legal, an administrative and educational centre in touch with modern thought and lacking the melancholy tokens of a past age that are present in Vannes, in Dinan, and St. Malo. Thanks to the fire of 1720, it is in the main an eighteenth-century city, for though a few old narrow streets carry your mind to an earlier time, yet the painful regularity of the buildings of the *ville haute*, no less than the absence of ancient fortifications, associate it rather with the classicism of Louis Quinze than with the feudalism of the Duchess Anne. Its present cathedral church is a modern building, and its stately *palais de justice*, the seat of its ancient Parlement where justice is still administered beneath the fleur de lys and royal crown of Louis Quatorze, is only a seventeenth-century erection. Modern administrative care has given to it a musée and a jardin des plantes, the like of which few English provincial towns can boast, and its boulevards and cafés in all respects meet the needs of French bourgeois life. And the inhabitants, if seemingly less devout than the majority of Bretons, yet appear quiet, civil, and innocent of political fanaticism. Still the fears have too much justification.

Rennes in fact impresses the English tourist of the end of the nineteenth century very much as that other Breton capital, Nantes, impressed Arthur Young on the eve of the French Revolution. The good English farmer admired the stateliness of the public buildings of the Breton city on the Loire, he appreciated the sensible conversation of its citizens, he was astounded at their libraries and clubs—and four or five years later in that centre of Keltic culture Carrier was outraging humanity with some of the blackest horrors recorded in history, and that with the tacit connivance of many of Arthur Young's agreeable club companions. When this is remembered, the treacherous shot, the cowardly robbery, and the flight of the miscreant through public streets to a safe asylum in a Chouan forest which disgraced Rennes last Monday seem to lose their wonder, or rather to mear-

that the firebrands of anti-Semitism have at last, in old-world Brittany, touched gunpowder. The melancholy Breton temper, moulded in the superstitions of Druidism, is, save when religious influences are exerted to restrain it, prone to savage suspicion and treacherous retaliation, and has ever shown itself at its worst in such places as Rennes and Nantes, where the national character has been corrupted by the influence of Parisian ideas. It needed in 1788 but a slight touch with Parisian life to poison the Rennes delegates of the tiers état, who a few months before had manfully asserted their provincial liberties against the ancien régime, with a belief that their nobles and lawyers were traitors and to inaugurate the French Revolution by its first massacre.

There is again to-day within Rennes the fear and the suspicion that can see murder and robbery unmoved, and which may well issue in a tigrish rage for blood, and without there are the materials for a new Chouan war. For the old-world peasant life in the forest land that surrounds the Breton towns is convulsed with deep, if silent hatred against the Jews, the Freemasons, and the Protestants. The peasant whose grandmother's smiling face tempted the Blues through the woodland paths to the range of the Chouan bullets, who himself on the day of the patronal festival at the forest shrine makes his offerings and dances round the bonfire, can hardly look on the man who shot down the champion of all that he hates as a murderer, especially as his curé reads to him "La Croix" and "La Libre Parole." Perhaps alas, for his ancestors fought for the cause of Jacques Clement and the League even against the haute noblesse of the Duchy, he may be praying the Virgin to rescue the miscreant from justice. And oh, the pity of it! The Anti-Semitic and clerical conspirators who ringing the tocsin of civil war by infamous appeals to Breton piety and Breton fears are staining a noble and God-fearing land with infamy. It is their work and their shame that the proud old motto on the arms of Brittany "Mori potius quam fedari" can only be read to-day with a sneer or with a sigh.

#### BAD HOMBURG.

THE springs of Homburg are of two kinds, the steel or iron water which is given to the anæmic or debilitated, and the saline water, which is drunk by the gouty and dyspeptic. The latter, which is drawn from the Kaiser and Elisabeth Brunnen, has made the fortune of Homburg. It is merely saline, like Hunyadi, Rubinat, or Apenta, which can all be obtained in London from any chemist. Indeed, the "Emperor" and "Elizabéth" and "Louisa" are all bottled and despatched to England, where they may be sipped as easily as at Homburg. Why then, it is often asked, do not people drink these waters at home before breakfast and go for a walk round Hyde Park? Homburg is an expensive place in July and August and it is the fashion to groan over one's cure as a kind of martyrdom. Why not drink in Belgrave Square or Prince's Gate and save the journey and the bills? The answer is that people will not get up at seven in London and will not walk in Kensington Gardens before breakfast. And the world, as usual, is in the right, for London in the early morning is a hideous, yawning, slattern, whose breath reeks of the abominations of the night. The air in London is seldom really fresh: it feebly tries to be so for an hour or two of a May morning: but towards the end of the season it is for ever tainted and heavily laden. It is the sweet, soft, and yet invigorating air of Homburg that counts for nine-tenths of the cure. Homburg is not itself on a hill; like most springs, it is in a basin: but it is surrounded by hills and woods, from which a cool, pine-scented wind constantly blows, driving the storm-clouds right across to Frankfurt. This year there have been phenomenally hot days and nights, as everywhere, accompanied by thunderstorms. But compare it with a damp, relaxing place like Wiesbaden, and you will appreciate the bracing effect of the nimble air of Homburg. The trouble about Homburg is that the hotels do not, as at Kissingen and Carlsbad, co-operate with the doctors. For instance, salad is naturally "verboten": yet there is not an hotel lunch

or dinner at which salad is not offered, and, alas for the weakness of the flesh! taken. It may also be doubted whether the stewed fruit or "compôte," which the doctors seem afraid to prohibit and which is too often served in a semi-cooked condition, harmonises with saline water. The hotel menus call for supervision and curtailment: their length and richness throw suspicion on the seriousness of the cure. In truth, if the present practice of giving large and elaborate dinner-parties continues, the waters will be necessary to counteract the effect, not of the London, but of the Homburg season. It used to be the pleasant custom at Homburg for people to "dine together," that is, for everybody to pay his or her bill or a uniform contribution to the total. It was a cheap and charming habit, for no one was worried with the responsibilities of host or hostess or pressed to eat and drink too much. But it was too simple and inexpensive to last and nowadays benevolent or ambitious persons invite sixteen or twenty guests and order partridges from Paris. The old London game begins all over again. The doctors should combine to enforce greater strictness or rather temperance, in diet, upon both hotel-keepers and patients, or the place will lose its character.

Homburg is not exactly the place whither to bring young people of either sex. Boys, with their boisterous spirits and bouncing activity, jar upon the nerves of the dyspeptic and rheumatic. Mothers should be warned against the futility of bringing their daughters here with any ulterior views: for though in these expensive days years are no objection to a suitor, the fancy of the middle-aged or elderly bachelor does not "lightly turn to thoughts of love" between tumbler of Elisabeth water. Homburg is essentially a place for the intimate exchange of medical confidences between the middle-aged of both sexes. Lord Beaconsfield, when he met an acquaintance of whose name or history he was not quite sure, used always to say (so Sir William Fraser has told us), "Well, how's the old complaint?" At Homburg you are peculiarly safe in hazarding a similar interrogation and at a German bath one is privileged to enter shamelessly into the most minute details of one's internal mechanism. Our modern playwrights seem to find a strong fascination in the weariness and egoism of those who have turned the cape of forty years. Why has Mr. Pinero or Mr. Jones not laid the scene of a play at Homburg? The satirist would find an ample and fertile field for the exercise of his art among the crowd of royalties, actresses, politicians, stockbrokers, and lawyers, who jostle one another every morning round the Elizabeth spring, and whose faces and frames all tell the same unmistakable tale of excess and worry. "Sir," said Burke to his friend the Speaker, "I eat too much, I drink too much, I think too much, and I sleep too little." That is the confession which most visitors to Homburg would, if they were candid, make to their German physician.

#### THE MENDICANT STUDENTS OF RUSSIA.

THEIR mendicity is passive rather than active. Unlike the Mendicant Friars they never ask, but they know much will be given them. They know too—strange fact in a strange country—that the University is open to all irrespective of means or position. Thus the University becomes the poor Russian's golden opportunity, for here as elsewhere there are many posts for which graduates alone are eligible. A stroll through the streets of Moscow during term time furnishes abundant evidence of the popularity of its University. The uncompromising military blue and green uniform which stamps the student and which he can never, save under dire penalties, exchange for plain clothes, is to be met with at every turn. A few rich students are caught sight of driving; the many are on foot. The Russian, even the Russian boy, hates athletics and dislikes exercise of any kind. He never walks in the ill-paved streets of Moscow if he can afford to do otherwise. The "poor student" has no choice. He not only tramps, but tramps much more than his more fortunate fellows drive. There are lessons to be given as well as lectures to attend, for the poor student is poor to the verge of starvation. He has terrible

hardships to fight against in the pursuit of knowledge. But he is stout-hearted and his ambition to learn is genuine and earnest. He is impulsive, but his impulses are generous though they frequently lead him into scrapes. He is intellectually broad-minded, and though his ideas not seldom come to nothing he has plenty of them. In fact, in spite of drawbacks physical as well as moral, among the former of which not the least is a decidedly unwashed and slovenly appearance, the poor student is perhaps the most interesting character in all Moscow.

Wherever the student congregates the scene is a novel one for the foreigner. Opportunities for seeing them "en bande" are unfortunately rare. The right to call together meetings for the discussion of any and every thing under the sun is denied them. Students' Associations are forbidden to the Russian, and woe betide the enterprising young man whose energies lead him in this law-breaking direction. Discovery means exile and a promising career ruined. One admirable occasion, however, is afforded by the symphonic concerts given during the winter months at the Club de la Noblesse. Here students are admitted free to the final rehearsals always held on Saturday mornings. The Russian loves music, and the chance is one not to be missed. They arrive, young and old (for there is no limit to a Russian student's age), an eager crowd, rushing in breathless to the concert hall. The majority bear every appearance of having but lately rolled out of bed. Faces are unmistakably unwashed and hair—worn extra long as it is winter time—uncombed. Their clothes, with the exception of jackets which have been hastily scrambled into, have certainly served as sleeping garments. Yet these wild-looking youths rouse something more than mere curiosity in foreign eyes. Interest and sympathy must be felt for the distinctly dirty crowd of boys in patched and faded uniforms who have come to forget everything for an hour in music. There is so much character and so much meaning in the scene. With the same earnestness they face hardship and overcome the difficulties of that lasting struggle, a poor Russian student's life. There is the same carelessness of outward detail also. There is no more incongruity in their courting the refinement and influence of music with such utter obliviousness of material refinement in persons and habits, than in their measureless disregard of anything like the orderliness of mind we are accustomed to associate with culture. Possibly, however, such contradictions are to be traced not to the student alone but to the Russian national character.

A "corner" is the poor student's ambition. A room with four "corners," the usual number, means shelter for four students. Three roubles a month, including heating and the inevitable samovar, is the price he pays for the luxury of a "corner." But he has his freedom, which is precious, though accompanied by bare boards and rickety furniture. Disputes as to the boundary line of "corners" are unknown. Should the occupant of "corner" No. 1 overstep his limit he becomes the welcome guest of "corner" No. 2. A supreme contempt for creature comforts distinguishes the "corner" student—an attitude which is characteristic of the Russian "Intelligentsya" generally. Poor students being in the majority, some system of organised charity was necessary. Moscow, Russia's ancient capital, responded liberally to the demand and has become the poor student's haven. The yearly expenditure of the committee of the Society founded to help needy students of the University of Moscow averages 39,000 roubles (about £3,900). The Society helps in the payment of University fees and provides meals free or at a nominal cost. At first, the brothers Liapin arranged to provide dinners at 15 kopecks (4d.) a head to those who could afford it and free of charge to students with tickets. This meal consisted of soup with boiled beef, and beef cooked in a sauce, or a dish of buckwheat with milk. In October 1892, owing to an increase in funds, the Society started superior meals of its own. The student instead of being waiter is now waited upon. The food is more varied and napkins are provided—important item, where few have ever possessed handkerchiefs. Scholar-

ships are awarded by the society and assistance provided in extraordinary cases. Among the society's other charitable works are:—Hospital accommodation, a convalescent home, and a fund for the purchase of uniforms (new or second-hand). Rich students invariably make a rule of handing over their discarded uniforms to a special committee, who distribute them among their poorer fellows. Absence of cleanliness may be said to characterise Liapin House, where the first students' dinners were given. This house is open to poor students of all the faculties and provides board and lodging. The rooms contain two to four inmates who are their own servants, a fact easily detectable. A bed, pillow, and blanket are provided for each one, heating and lighting are gratis, while boiling water for tea, the Russian's staple beverage, is supplied free at stated intervals.

The Students' Home, founded by M. Lepioshkin, is the ideal of the ambitious poor student. On entering here, he drops all anxiety as to ways and means, for everything he can possibly need has been thought of and provided for. He comes and goes at his own good will, is well fed, well cared for, and not worried. Sunday is a great day at Lepioshkin House. Friends of both sexes arrive in quick succession. All is bustle and confusion. The Russians' proverbial hospitality is severely put to the test and fails not. After dinner, the refectory is rapidly cleared of tables and chairs. The more frivolous-minded go in for a course of wild dancing or mild flirtation. Others, in groups of three or four, indulge in erratic philosophical discussions. All without exception are engaged in uninterrupted tea-drinking. Rules there are in this Home as many as you please, carefully drawn out and neatly printed. Ask any student about them and he will tell you they were made never to be carried out. In this respect the by-laws of Lepioshkin House resemble many other things Russian. The scientific scepticism of "Bazaroff" is a thing of the past in Russian student life. They have since passed through a phase of ideal Socialism—desire to live with and for the peasant—and have now attained Neo-Marxism, a curious growth on Russian soil. The younger generation eagerly seeks in Marxism a solution of the great social problems confronting Russia in the near future. The future of his country is a matter of vital import to the student. He is not the happy-go-lucky boy we are accustomed to. He is the stuff martyrs are made of, as indeed we have recently seen. He may not always be quite clear as to the best means to bring about the changes desired but that he is willing and ready to suffer for "the cause" cannot be denied. In matters relating to freedom of thought and action the sons of the nobility may side with the liberal-minded poor student, but rarely, extremely rarely, the sons of the merchants. The recent disturbances, outcome of the student's natural desire to keep one of his feast days in spite of a warning from headquarters that the day was to pass by unobserved, brought this fact plainly to the fore. The participation of the aristocrat rendered the action of the Government rather more difficult. One satisfactory result remains amid the many distinctly distressing. The Government, for the first time, has been obliged to publish an account, more or less accurate, of its proceedings. Surely this is a step, though but a small one, in the right direction. The treatment of students as responsible beings by the Government is to be devoutly wished for. Then, indeed, their lines will have fallen in pleasant places.

#### THE PHILOSOPHY OF SLANG.

IT is one of the commonplaces of science that complete scientific knowledge, could it only be applied to one cubic inch of matter, would be able to deduce from it the entire history of the universe. We will not so far tax the imagination or belief of the reader as to say that could similar knowledge be applied to the five minutes of the life of a bank-holiday maker at Margate, we could discover from it the whole history of the rise and fall of the Roman Empire, or the precise date of the promulgation of the Athanasian Creed; but we may at all events affirm that the most trivial of our social habits contain the germ of much knowledge of human nature, with

which they may seem, at first sight, to have very little connexion. Amongst habits of this kind a remarkable one is the use of slang. Slang is a kind of phraseology which is easier to recognise than to define. It is, however, easy enough to describe some of its characteristics. One of them is its evanescence. Slang phrases are almost always the phrases of a brief period. Another characteristic of much slang is that it originates in some bastard technicalities—the technicalities of some trade, game, or amusement. A third characteristic is that, in a large majority of cases, it consists of language used in a manner which has no etymological justification. Thus the familiar expression “awfully jolly,” which is, we venture to flatter ourselves, now becoming obsolete, and the old-fashioned use of “monstrous” which became obsolete years ago, are examples at once of its evanescence and its illegitimate origin. We may indeed say of it what Homer said of Achilles—that of all kinds of language “it is the swiftest-fated and the most miserable.” Of the technical origin of much of it such expressions as to “spot” a thing and to “handicap” a man or an enterprise, the one derived from the billiard table and the other from the racecourse, are familiar and sufficient examples. All these characteristics, however, and many others that might be added to them, are accidents of slang only, and it is difficult to enumerate them fully. But though it is difficult to do justice to its accidents, it is easy to describe its essence.

The essence of slang is that it embodies the instinct of familiarity precisely in the same way as does a nickname when applied to a person: and the familiarity which expresses itself in slang, just like that which expresses itself in nicknames, is of various kinds, and the kinds are in both cases similar. A given person may be called by a nickname for any one out of three reasons. Those who call him by such a name may do so because they have a specially intimate friendship for him: or else they may do so because they desire the reputation of such a friendship: or again, they may do so because, though they have no special regard for him, it is impossible for them to be at their ease without being free and easy. Thus the old and intimate friends of some man of distinguished status may express their friendship for him by calling him “Bob” to his face. Others who desire to convey the impression that they are intimate with him may endeavour to do so by calling him “Bob” behind his back: whilst the shop-boy, if he is merely on speaking terms with another who has reddish hair, will rarely address him by any other name than “Ginger,” not because he is intimate with him, or because he desires to be thought so, but because for him acquaintanceship, unless it be avowedly unfriendly, must either exist as familiarity or it cannot exist at all. If he does not scowl at a man, or ignore a man, it is necessary that he should slap him on the back. So in the same way, slang is instinctively resorted to by many people to describe the appliances or incidents of some pursuit with which they are really intimate, whether it be yachting, racing, hunting, shooting, or stock-broking. Slang, however, when its application is thus confined, is not so much slang as a kind of technical language, differing only from the cabalistic symbols of chemistry in the fact that, unlike them, it expresses some affection for what it denotes. Slang properly so called is a kind of peculiar language which is not applied to peculiar things, but to ordinary. For instance, if the workmen at the Mint had, for technical reasons, a set of special terms for the various coins produced by them, the professional use of these could hardly be called slang; but when a schoolboy calls a shilling a “bob,” and when a costermonger calls a sovereign a “monarch,” we have specimens of slang of a very indubitable kind. Slang, then, is the expression not of some private, some special, some technical familiarity with any particular pursuit. It is the expression of some familiarity, or free-and-easiness, genuine or affected, with life. It represents some endeavour to pat life on the back, to dig it in the ribs, to assume with regard to it some privileged position, or caress it gracefully or otherwise, as the case may be, or to lounge in a chair with exaggerated ease when confronting it.

Now slang, when used by the lower orders of society, is a form of expression the use of which is perfectly natural and intelligible; for one of the chief points which distinguishes ill-bred persons from well-bred is the fact that with the former all intimacy is familiarity. The 'Arry of the world calls a sovereign a “monarch,” and calls trousers “trotter-cases” for the same reason that prompts him to call a red-headed acquaintance “Ginger.” He has no instinctive sense of social dignity in himself—no sense of the sully nature of too close and boisterous contact; and dignity, when he sees it in others, means for him merely hostile distance, an awe which makes him awkward, or a restraint which galls him.

Slang, however, as we are sufficiently well aware, is by no means confined to the ruder and the humbler classes. It is murmured in Mayfair as well as shouted in Whitechapel. It is largely used, in fact, by the very class in which the sense of personal dignity is the strongest, and which is supposed to possess, and on the whole does possess, more finished manners than any other. What is the explanation of slang, when used by such a class as this? Some severe critics who, we need hardly say, do not belong to it, solace themselves by accusing this class of vulgarity. But though sections of it are vulgar in a certain sense, their vulgarity is not that of excessive personal familiarity; nor do they require, in order to put themselves at ease with life, to adopt the attitude or attitudes of what we may call the mental larrikin. The use of slang, by such persons, results from subtler modifications of the mind. It results sometimes from an impulse to caress, to fondle, to patronise, life and its resources; as may be seen by the manner in which it is used, and indeed manufactured, by certain ladies. One lady, for example, who rules over many followers, has, with a genius which recalls that of Catullus, re-christened a dinner-party by the euphonious diminutive of a “dimpy,” a tea-party by that of a “teapy,” a ball-gown by that of a “ballerino!” Slang like this bears the same relation to that of the streets that a woman's finger-tips laid delicately on a man's arm bears to a street-boy's palm applied violently to another street-boy's back. It has moreover this exquisite charm. It constitutes, whilst in its virginal freshness, a kind of private language by which members of a particular clique remind each other that they belong to the elect; and such being the case, it is sooner or later cultivated by those who mistake the outer signs of grace for the reality; or who hope to obtain the commission of fashion by adopting its uniform, which unfortunately rarely fits them. Slang, moreover, when used by the higher classes expresses, to a great extent, not the familiarity of good-fellowship, but the familiarity of complacent contempt; and when used in this way, it has likewise innumerable imitators. In many cases, also, it consists of names and phrases, which are born of the moment to describe the fashions of the moment, and which consequently never have time to assume a classical form.

Slang of this last kind from the nature of the case is inevitable. Slang of the other kinds mentioned is to those who use it satisfactory and convenient, and may often give conversation an ease, without giving it a vulgarity, which helps it to fit closely to the facts of life and character. But, however used, we venture to say this, that it is always a sign of some mental weakness or defect; and the thoroughly accomplished man and woman of the most fastidious class will achieve all the grace and lightness which slang can give, without ever having recourse to its use, except when some of its phrases are used, as it were, in inverted commas, or are, even whilst they are being used, held up to a mild contempt. Whether the use of slang is increasing in English society or no, we are not prepared to say. It was certainly never, or hardly ever, employed by the more brilliant talkers of the generation that is all but dead. It forms no part of the brilliancy of “The School for Scandal.” It is entirely absent from those comedies of the Restoration whose authors belonged to the world of fashion which they represented. No kind of language is so truly delicate and flexible as the English language in its most perfect and legitimate form. Many people are ashamed of using it because they think it

unpedantic. Those who think this bear witness merely to their own imbecility in using it: and in seeking to achieve ease by degrading it by the use of slang they often achieve something which is pedantry upside down. Good talkers, however, who disapprove of slang and avoid it, will console themselves for its prevalence amongst others by the unchristian reflection that nothing assists us so much in thinking well of ourselves as our ability to contrast our own qualities with the marked inferiorities of our friends.

#### AUSTRALIAN CRICKET.

CRICKET in Australia differs somewhat from the game as played in England. This difference relates to the men themselves, to the way they play and to the conditions of the game; in turn English is not Australian cricket. Matches between the representative elevens of the two countries therefore imply not merely an international contest, but a test of two different systems of cricket. The record stands at one decisive win for Australia and four draws, three in favour of England and one in favour of Australia. Australia has won the rubber, but has by no means proved that the Mother-country does not produce as able exponents of cricket as the colony.

First-class cricket in England nowadays is confined to two classes of men, to professionals who make a livelihood from the game and amateurs who have leisure to devote the same amount of time to it. It is absolutely impossible for a man to do much good in first-class cricket unless he gives all his attention to it. There are it is true instances of men turning out off and on for a match or two with conspicuous success: but such cases are exceptional and indicate genius. The stronger County sides cannot afford to give places to any but regular players; and to play regularly means four months of cricket with scarcely a day off. In Australia the season is longer and the amount of first-class cricket far less. There cricket is possible all the year round and the actual season a comparatively light one. The first-class cricket is confined to the inter-colonial championship. There is no leisured class in Australia and there are very few professionals. The men who play earn their living in business or the Civil Service or one of the professions or as mechanics. At first sight it would appear that English cricket has a great advantage in the fact that those engaged in it devote all their attention to the game. But this advantage is largely discounted by the fact that the English first-class season is really too severe; there are too many matches, the strain of the County Championship is too great; our cricketers are overworked. The manner in which the game is played in Australia is more likely to produce strong players. After the day's work there are two hours or so that may be spent in practice: then for the selected players there are about half a dozen keen and strenuous inter-colonial matches where the cricket is of the highest class—otherwise there is only inter-club cricket at the week end. Plenty of leisurely practice, plenty of games to keep the hand in, and just enough class-cricket to keep the standard of the game very high. So the conditions of the game in England do not seem to give us any advantage.

The respective merits of this year's Australian and England elevens may be summed up as follows:—In batting they are about equal—to judge by results. Artistically our batsmen are superior; they play better cricket in point of style and finish; indeed, the truth is our batting is considerably the finer and there is no doubt that against our own bowling our batsmen would score half as well again both in style and in figures as the Australians. But the Australian batsmen are nevertheless dogged, persistent and successful. In bowling there is a very decided superiority on their side. In detail, they have a great fast bowler while we have none, and two if not three medium pace bowlers better than any of ours; in general, their bowling is not only cleverer but has more devil and hostility in it. The fielding, too, is more effective. Individually four or five of the English team are equal to the best on the other side. But as an

eleven in the field the Australians catch with more skill and certainty, throw more accurately and strongly and cover more ground. The net result is that the Australian superiority in bowling and fielding outmatches the English superiority in batting or all but does so. The reason why the English batting is the finer is that there are infinitely more men to choose from and that our three-day matches encourage a free aggressive style, whereas patience and safety are more telling in the played-out games in Australia. Our artistic superiority is due to the fact that the spectacular side of English cricket demands fine strokes and strong hitting: in Australia the only requirement is that runs be made no matter how.

The Australian advantage in bowling is due partly to the fact that their bowlers are not overworked as ours are so as to lose their sting and devil; partly to harder problems which Australian bowlers have to solve. They have almost invariably to get batsmen out on perfect wickets. Our bowlers often have conditions that give the enemy into their hands; theirs have to work all they know for their wickets. Hence the crack Australian bowlers are more accurate and use their wits far more. At the same time they are always comparatively fresh and vigorous, for it is not one season that exhausts a bowler but a succession of seasons. Our bowlers are nearly always worked out by the time they have gathered a large fund of knowledge and have mastered the science of bowling. Why the Australians are better fieldmen than we are is hard to say. They seem quicker and more supple; more full of dash and keener. This is particularly noticeable in the older men among them, who seem to gather years and experience without losing the power of stooping, running, and throwing. Finally, it must be admitted that without assignable cause the Australians are better match-players than we are. They are liable to loss of spirits and bad collapses, yet they have also a great power of recovery. They concentrate their attention on the point in view, and seem never to fail to do themselves justice in the important matches. The present team is a fine match-winning side to which England yields without dishonour.

#### FINANCE.

BUSINESS in the stock markets has again been on a small scale, with the one exception of the Westralian section, where activity has been maintained. The factors telling against any general activity of business hitherto and against the prospect of any early revival are those to which we have already drawn attention. The adjustment of the past account, a nineteen-day one, has been an additional influence which has told unfavourably notwithstanding that, always with the exception of Westralians, the account to be arranged was unusually small. The blighting effects of the holiday season may be expected to pass with the passing of the season itself, but the other influences remain, and the doubtful point is when they will be resolved one way or the other. The indefiniteness and prolongation of the negotiations in the Transvaal must of necessity restrict operations not only in Kaffirs but in other sections of the House. The general belief is that things are making for peace, and the spasmodic activity induced by any news which can by any means be interpreted as favouring that belief shows how rapid and complete would be the recovery in prices and how great the accession of real business, not only professional but, what is more to the point, public, were the troubles cleared out of the way. Then, there is the dangerous uncertainty of the situation in Paris, which almost necessarily restricts dealings in foreigners, South Africans and copper descriptions, the favourites of that market. It has to be observed, however, that, taking the circumstances into consideration, Paris during this past week has kept wonderfully firm. It has done next to nothing in the way of support, but it was not unreasonable to suppose that, with royalist plots and the attempted assassination of M. Labori, it would have developed some weakness. This it has not done, and so far as it goes that is an encouraging feature. The third disturbing factor in the situation

is the prospect of dear money in this country and especially in New York. For the immediate present money here offers no grounds for alarm; but the outlook is none too bright, and it is of course with the early future that we must deal. No one of these adverse factors has sufficed to damp much the enthusiasm of speculators, who have flocked to the Westralian market and enjoyed themselves there after the way of their kind. But it seems to us there can be no revival of general activity until these deterrent influences, and especially the South African difficulty, have been removed. Unfortunately for the chances of Kaffirs, the character of President Kruger forbids the hope that he will really concede much except under compulsion, in spite of the numerous feelers which he has put out.

There has been a good deal of speculation on the subject of the Bank-rate, but as we anticipated last week, the directors of the Bank have not thought it advisable to make any alteration, and the Bank return furnishes a full explanation of their action in this particular. The balance of gold received from abroad down to Wednesday night was £411,000, and as the coin and bullion stock is higher by £681,000, the inference is obvious that money is coming back from the country, which is a good sign. Seeing that the note circulation has decreased by £272,000, we have the reserve strengthened to the extent of £953,000 against an increase of no more than £450,000 in the Bank's indebtedness, the net result of this being that the ratio of reserve to liabilities has advanced 1.56 per cent. The return is, in fact, a very good one, and affords further proof that for the present the monetary position is satisfactory, and is improving. The Bank's policy is thus being justified, but the season of the autumn drain is approaching, and a good deal of leeway has to be made up before the position can be regarded as safe. But at least the tendency is in the right direction. The question of the Bank-rate in the autumn hinges upon the ability of Threadneedle Street to attract more money from the country, as well as from abroad. A  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. rate should, as we have already pointed out, be quite sufficient, provided money responds with reasonable freedom to the inducements held out. For the rest, the publication of the return this week had a good effect on Consols and other stocks, and coming simultaneously with what was interpreted as more favourable news from the Cape, led to something like cheerfulness in the House, though we observe that the increased volume of real business resulting therefrom was insignificant enough.

Except for Westralian mines, the account which was brought to a close this week was singularly small and uncommonly featureless. In Kaffirs the details were arranged very promptly. Rates ruled about the level of the previous settlement. In Westralians they opened high, some operators exhibiting undue haste in securing the continuation of their accounts. At one time there was some real difficulty in carrying over, but the situation improved, and there was an easing off after this rush slackened, though on Lake Views and Ivanhoes, among others, the contango stiffened. While there was, of course, a little irregularity, the making up revealed some very substantial advances in the Westralian group, notably Ivanhoes, which have marked a rise of 5, and British Westralians, which are  $4\frac{1}{4}$  better. In Kaffirs, declines were too plentiful, though in the case of no single one was the fall so material as the condition of affairs might not unreasonably have warranted. Rand Mines are at the head with a fall of  $\frac{3}{4}$ . Home Railways for the most part presented no feature. One exception was Great Westerns, which were carried over  $3\frac{1}{4}$  lower on the disappointing dividend and the prospective issue of new capital. On Americans, the contangoes were stiffer, and on Canadian Pacifics the rate also hardened, while Trunks showed a disposition to be easier.

Home Railways have been a rather heavy market, and business has been on a sufficiently small scale. The good Bank return, as we have seen, was a favourable feature, and taken in the lump the traffics were fairly good, the "heavies" showing up particularly

well, with the one exception of North-Westerns, which had their record turn in the previous week, and which rose in spite of a decrease of £1,912, thanks, we may suppose, to the better despatches which came to hand from South Africa on Wednesday, followed on the next day by the indications of easier money and more seemingly good news. The North-Eastern increase was £28,849, the Great Western £28,640, and the Midland £23,562, and all three marked advances in consequence. In the earlier part of the week the tone in this section as a whole was not strikingly good, the arrangement of the account and the lack of inducement telling against extensive dealing. Towards the end, however, there was some improvement in this respect, due to the influences to which reference has already been made. But the recovery was quite inconsiderable in so far as it led to more business, and the market has been almost devoid of other features. South-Eastern and Chatham stocks were put down, presumably on Lord Robert Cecil's letter to the "Times" complaining of bad management, but they recovered next day. Coras have been depressed on the indifferent traffic, coming on top of selling from Glasgow induced by adverse dividend rumours, and the forthcoming issue of new capital. The prospect of the much-desired recovery in business in this market is no nearer than in any other section of the House (always excepting Westralians), for the reason that the deterrent influences are common to most departments. A mild spurt here and there at rather long and always indefinite intervals affords poor consolation for that steady show of public support which is needed to make the market cheerful and contented. The process of feeding upon itself is not pleasing to the House, and small blame to those members who yearn for excitement for going over to the Westralian section, where they can obtain enough and to spare.

New York has displayed more interest in American stocks held over here and has done something to instil a decent amount of life into the market. On Thursday more business was done than in the previous fortnight. Though crop prospects are quite favourable if not in all respects excellent, and though the industrial activity, with its multiform benefits upon earnings, is unquestionable, there remains the possibility of extremely dear money in the country, and that is a contingency of very considerable significance in relation to transactions. The last Bank statement was reassuring in regard to the immediate position, and the July trade figures furnished full confirmation of the brisk commercial movement. There is, however, an undercurrent of doubt based upon the monetary outlook, which tells adversely against business, though this is apt to be sunk for the moment in the display of energy on the part of Wall Street. While prices have been irregular, as was inevitable in the circumstances, the buying orders sent by New York for good lines of stock have sufficed to keep quotations better than steady. Milwaukeees, Louisvilles, and Central Pacifics are among the stocks which have seen a fair movement. Canadian Pacifics, which had displayed some activity early in the week, fell off rather smartly on the dividend announcement. Operators for the rise had concluded that, with an increase of \$868,000 carried to the net revenue account, they were justified in going for  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., and naturally they were grievously disappointed when the announcement was made that no more than 2 per cent. would be paid for the half-year. In the reaction, Trunks also were carried back, but not to any material extent, and the traffic set these stocks right again. The market earlier in the week had been pleased with the Trunk dividend, which was quite up to expectations. The First Preference receives 1 per cent. for the six months, and the announcement led to a rise all round, which ran to as much as  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in Seconds, some sanguine operators figuring out to their own satisfaction, if not to that of others, that at the present rate of earnings this stock will get a dividend next time. The set-back which resulted from the fall in Canadian Pacifics was of short duration. The market buoyed itself with the hope of a good traffic and it was not disappointed. Between £11,000 and £12,000 was anticipated: the actual increase proved to be £19,879,

and the energy of the market since in talking Trunks up has been no less remarkable than the vigour which it displayed some weeks ago in talking them down. Trunks do not deserve all the good things that are being said of them now, but the company is doing well, and ought to do better in the future.

The mid-monthly statistics of copper show a slight falling off in the visible supply of the metal as compared with the 31st ult., though as compared with the middle of July we have an increase of as much as 4,200 tons. The quantity now in sight is 32,713 tons against 33,019 tons a fortnight earlier and 28,515 tons a month back. We have a decrease in the amount received from Chili, and Australia has nothing at all striking to report. But the new supplies from America, 4,536 tons, were larger than in July, though still below the average, and Spain and Portugal have also done better; while the arrivals from miscellaneous sources have been 3,275 tons compared with 6,767 tons for the whole of July and 2,126 tons for the whole of June. Though the situation, from the point of view of the consumer, shows an improvement—a year ago, when the visible supply was 29,861 tons, the price of copper was only £50 2s. 6d.—the effect on quotations has so far been singularly small. On the fortnight, the decline has been no more than 5s., and on the month no more than £1. The market in copper shares has of late not been a very steady one, but it looks as though efforts will shortly be made to give them another upward twist before long.

For the very good reason that politics in the Transvaal remain in an undecided and generally unsatisfactory condition, South African mining shares have been neglected, and are likely to continue neglected until the atmosphere clears. An occasional movement we are likely to be treated to, according as the news from the Cape admits of favourable interpretation, but this kind of thing counts for little. On Wednesday a semblance of cheerfulness was induced in this department by a rumour that matters in the Transvaal had taken a decided turn for the better—that the High Commissioner's terms would certainly be accepted before long by President Kruger. Friday's news rather upset the calculation. Although the hope is general that the negotiations are moving in the right direction, there remains the fear that they are not, and if there is any progress at all we receive little enough indication of it. However, the market accepted the augury, and advantage was taken to put a better appearance upon things and exercise pressure upon bears to cover. More rumours of favourable developments were circulated on Thursday, and they kept the market up, but transactions have been very few in number and very limited in extent. The attractions of Westralians caused Kaffirs to be left virtually out in the cold, and fluctuations in prices are mostly unimportant.

Westralians have, in fact, been the one section of the House which have continued steadily active, and, as we have seen, they have attracted to themselves the more lively spirits from all parts—not necessarily a good, but rather a bad, thing for them, because the break, come it soon or late, must be all the more severe because of the wild and unreasonable bidding up of shares which cannot by present indications be worth the fancy prices to which they have been rushed. We have at all times been solicitous to express our belief in the good future of Westralia and its mining industry, but this does not necessarily entail an approval of the present movement. It is certain that, at ruling prices of the leading shares, any advance which the country may make in the years to come has been quite generously discounted. However, the market does not bother itself about a little thing like that, or if it does take notice, it is only to deny the assumption; and meantime the excitement continues. What is more, the public is coming in, and the past week has seen a lot of really good buying, from Germany among other quarters. It is to this, and to the fact that there is not much stock about, that we are indebted for the firmness of the market. The new account received a very lively set off, though this was

followed rather sharply by a reactionary tendency, supposed to have been induced by a hint that unlimited facilities for speculation would not be available by reason of the anticipated tightness of money in the autumn. This set back, however, was not of long duration, and by Wednesday afternoon the market had almost recovered. Though there was decided irregularity, the general tone was better, and to offset the stream of sellers there came along a stronger stream of buyers, including the good buyers already alluded to. Then the good Bank return afforded hope that fears for the autumn on the score of money might not be realised in any full measure, and the prices of the leading shares continued their course upwards. The Lake View return of 30,474 ozs. was below expectations, the explanation offered being that one shipment of ore was not included. The fall was referable partly to this and partly to the general tone on the day of the announcement. But on Thursday there was a full recovery, and the price looking cheap, after deducting the dividend, there was a rush to buy, with the result that before the close the full 20s. of the dividend was recovered and nearly 10s. was gained in addition. Among the other descriptions which have attracted much attention are Kalgurli, Associateds, Boulders, and London and Globes, the last being purchased freely in view of the appreciation of the Westralian shares in which this company is interested.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

17 August, 1899.

SIR,—Is not the root of your difficulty to be found in the fact that English is our language and French is not. I would not decry your correspondents' scholarship any more than my own: and I am one of those who have long been in the habit of complacently observing that "French is the same to me as English," while secretly conscious that it is nothing of the kind. What it means is that I am better acquainted than most with French poetry, literature and drama. But no man in the world, however good a scholar, finds any foreign language as familiar to him as his own. I can seldom see a French play without being sometimes at a loss; seldom read a French book without sometimes wishing that I could appeal to a dictionary: and most will I think confess the same. At the play, feeling sure that I know more about it than 90 per cent. of my neighbours, I find myself mildly speculating how much they know. "Cyrano de Bergerac," for instance; even when, like so many worthy people, you have "read the book before"? Sufficiently pleased with ourselves in other matters, we English bow the knee before the actors and plays of France, mainly because we do not understand a word of either. It is as well that some of us do not, sometimes.

Upon the higher ground which has formed the subject of your discussion, is not this much the same? I do not, myself, believe that with the exception of Shakespeare there has been ever a poet in the world who played on Poetry, and on Prose too, more finely than Alfred de Musset. But I know that I cannot feel him as I should, were I a real and not a manufactured Frenchman. Will not your correspondents plead guilty to the same? To reproduce his poetry in English by way of paraphrase (the nearest approach I think to good poetical translation) is almost impossible, and I have more than once tried my hand at it. An English Musset is as impossible as a French Shakespeare. "Mon verre n'est pas grand mais je bois dans mon verre" (translate that) he said once of himself, but with more modesty than truth, I think. The prose is of course an easier matter, but very hard. I tested it by writing a version of "Lorenzaccio" a few years ago. And a sweet Anglo-French critic (who "knows the language" like Burnand's delightful traveller) said to me, "How nice! but how much easier it must be than doing Sardou!" Sardou and Musset! ye gods! But both have written plays in French, and are therefore the same to the good B.P. As a matter of fact, of course,

Sardou is (or was) the most ingenious of "constructors"; like Scribe before him. Like Scribe's, his style is not worth criticism. "Adapt" one of his serious plays and you must supply the pathos. Take one of his comic ones and you must add the humour, to the best of your ability. I know; for I have tried both. When I tried my hand at de Musset "all" that I had to do (and in that sense my friend was right) was to preserve to the uttermost of my power the spirit and the beauty of that divine original.

My moral of course is, as regards your discussion, that no man has really two languages or can thoroughly appreciate or realise the forms of expression that poetry takes in other tongues than his own, however well he knows them. The average knowledge, perhaps, does not rise so very much higher than that of the honest American after the French play, who when asked if he understood it answered—"Not altogether. But I recognised the phrase *Jamais*." Faithfully yours,

HERMAN MERIVALE.

### THE ENCHANTMENT OF DISTANCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Kensington: 15 August, 1899.

SIR,—Until Saturday last I confess I had not the remotest idea there was so much meaning in the line "Distance lends enchantment to the view." The subtle philosophising of your argument will entirely revolutionise the standpoint of many who may have given a moment's thought to the subject. Plain men, I imagine, have hitherto accepted the phrase as signifying that the further off we are from unpleasant or incongruous sights the better for our opinion of them. A pig-sty on a hillside may well gain in picturesqueness in proportion as the distance between it and the spectator increases. In other words, the nearer we are to a thing the more conscious we become of its imperfections. Disenchantment is the consequence of proximity. Contempt is bred of familiarity.

I fully admit the force of your contention that imagination is responsible for much of the pleasure with which we contemplate distant events or distant scenes. Your point of view is to some extent that of Werther, though minus the melancholy which ultimately was Werther's. You see things as in a glass, but not darkly. "Either some invisible power of enchantment or the influence of lively sensibility renders every surrounding spot as heavenly as Elysium," wrote Werther as he gazed upon a spring of clear water gushing from the rock in the hillside. The rustic enclosure, the overshadowing pines, the music of the stream, the birds, combined to conjure up enchanting thoughts. "My imagination now forms all the manners of remote times. Methinks I witness our ancestors under the supposed influence of good spirits concluding treaties and making alliances by the fountain side. Methinks I see the poor pilgrim, overcome with the summer's heat, here resting on the bank or bathing and refreshing himself in the crystal stream." Imagination meant enchantment to Werther, reality disappointment, disillusionment. He travelled the world, he had experience, and the scenes of youthful fancy vanished: enchantment was no longer upon them.

When you invite us to consider an echo as more enchanting than the reality, I feel that you concede my starting-point—the reality has unpleasant attributes which distance destroys. As a matter of fact do we not live the larger part of our lives in an atmosphere of unreality, and is not the whole question summed up in the lines

"The near afar off seems, the distant nigh,  
The now a dream, the past reality"?

Yours very truly,  
A DISENCHANTED ONE.

### PENAL SERVITUDE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

16 August, 1899.

SIR,—I am glad to see that my letter on Penal Servitude has been followed up by Mr. Ives. Some of his

remarks are, however, applicable rather to imprisonment than to penal servitude, and it might be plausibly contended that in cases like that of Jane Cakebread the real fault was that the term of imprisonment was too short to produce any reformatory effect. But when we find that longer terms of imprisonment and terms of penal servitude from the shortest to the longest are equally ineffectual we are driven to the conclusion that our present system, considered as a means of reforming or reclaiming the prisoner, is a total and absolute failure. Are we then to suppose that all criminals are irreclaimable? To go no farther, I think the Salvation Army has proved the contrary. Some of its converts may be hypocrites. Others will not improbably relapse, but it seems impossible to doubt that in many instances they have reformed habitual criminals in whose cases both imprisonment and penal servitude had failed. And why are imprisonment and penal servitude such failures as regards reformation? Because in our prisons no real effort is made to reform the prisoner. He is sent there to be punished, not to be reformed. But punishment ought to be a means, not an end—a means of deterring and reforming. Any punishment which is not required for these ends and is not conducive to them is indefensible.

As to Mr. Ives' examples of J. S., J. D. and J. C., I doubt if their conduct implies any tendency to insanity. They were neither reformed nor deterred by the treatment which they had undergone and that is all. Probably Mr. Ives would find that their original sentences were excessive or at all events were regarded as such by the offenders. The sense of the injustice of a man's sentence which is nevertheless carried out in full (notwithstanding the much-vaunted clemency of the Home Office) coupled with the knowledge that others in the same prison have escaped with a much lighter penalty is enough to make a hot-tempered man an enemy to society in general. Every man's hand has been against him and he is consequently against every man—an anarchist on principle. The unnecessary and excessive restraint of prison life further embitters him. Not a day perhaps passes without some fresh cause of irritation which makes him long to commit some act of violence and accordingly he is not long at large before he commits it. But I would not describe such persons as "hopeless cases" until a serious effort at reformation had been made without success.

Let us however grant that our penal system is calculated to reform a man. What then? With what object do we seek to reclaim him? Plainly to make him a good and useful citizen instead of a dangerous criminal. Nothing is gained then if after having reformed him we keep him year after year caged up like a wild beast who would be certain to tear somebody to pieces if once let loose. If he has been reclaimed in five years, why do we keep him in penal servitude for fifteen years longer? Or if penal servitude has not reclaimed him in five years, what chance is there that it will do so in twenty? Five years I apprehend is quite long enough to test any reformatory machinery. If at the end of that time it has effected nothing we may fairly conclude that it will never reform that prisoner. Further imprisonment can only be useful as a deterrent, and then the question arises, "Is there any appreciable difference between ten years' penal servitude and twenty years' penal servitude when considered as a deterrent?"

If the Legislature and the Judges and more especially the Home Secretary could be induced to look into the entire question from the point of view of reason, humanity and common sense instead of precedent and red tape—not wholly uninfluenced by the *lex talionis*—I believe many of our terms of penal servitude, especially those due to the Home Secretary, could be much shortened while preserving and even increasing all their present good effects.—Truly yours, B. L.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

10 August, 1899.

SIR,—B. L.'s letter on this subject in your issue of 5 August well deserves the attention not only of our judges and Home Secretaries, but also of the public at

large. Without viewing the subject from any higher standpoint, the long terms of penal servitude which some of our judges think proper to award very frequently, form a stiff charge upon the public purse. From the higher point of view of the moral reformation of the convict, it is much to be feared that penal servitude, besides reducing to a minimum the chances of gaining a situation or earning an honest livelihood on the prisoner regaining freedom, is itself less conducive to reformation of character than even the miserable environment from which he was taken off to prison. For even in the lowest districts of our large cities, from which in a large measure such criminals are drawn, the religious and moral agencies at work are numerous and various in kind, and of priceless value.

Does a man on going into penal servitude take such an upward step in the moral atmosphere that the ministrations of these several organisations are no longer needful to him? What opportunities have convicts of benefiting by the ministry of Sacred Song? These and other efforts have done much to reform evildoers outside the prison gates; is there no need for their work inside?

Yours, &c., BETA.

#### PROPOSED FAMINE AND HURRICANE FUND FOR THE WEST INDIES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Royal Institution of Great Britain,  
Albemarle Street, W., 17 August, 1899.

SIR,—I had the honour on the 7th instant to address a letter to the Colonial Office asking that West Indian officials be specially instructed to spend money with a view to prevent deaths from starvation amongst my clients, the native labouring populations of the West Indies. Since writing that letter a hurricane has devastated the Leeward Islands, where deaths from starvation have been occurring during the entire past year up to date. Cannot the present opportunity be utilised with a view to create a Famine and Hurricane Fund for the West Indies?

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
CHARLES HENEAGE.

#### FREE PURCHASE AND FREE SALE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

"Oliva," West Derby, Liverpool,  
16 August, 1899.

SIR,—The arguments of the Free-trade (?) party are based upon an axiom (?) that the incidence of a tariff is upon the consumer and the consumer alone, which involves the assumption that the need of the consumer to consume at least equals the necessity of the producer to produce. As a matter of fact, however, the producer is not less nor equally, but more anxious to produce than the consumer to consume. The producer is the seller and the consumer is the buyer, and the seller is invariably more anxious to sell than the buyer is to buy. Of course I refer to the ordinary course of trade when markets are in a normal condition.

Why this should be the case it may not be easy to show, but every man of business knows by experience—and if he is a seller by unpleasant experience—that the buyer is the master. May I suggest that this piece of solid fact and practical knowledge accounts for the mystery that English manufacturers, who, according to Free-trade theories, have no possible inducement to remove their works from a country where they have full liberty (whether at home or abroad) to buy though not to sell to another country where they have an equal freedom (whether at home or abroad) to sell though not to buy, nevertheless have done this wicked and unexpected thing, and are doing it, and will continue in the path of iniquity until the force that compels them is in some way abated. The power of free purchase is undoubtedly a good thing, but the power of free sale is a better.—Yours truly,

ALBERT H. BENCKE.

#### REVIEWS.

##### ETON PAST AND PRESENT.

"A History of Eton College, 1440-1898." By Sir H. C. Maxwell-Lyte, K.C.B. London: Macmillan. 1899. 21s. net.

"Memories of Eton and Etonians." By Alfred Lubbock. London: Murray. 1899. 9s.

WE are glad to welcome a third edition of Sir H. C. Maxwell-Lyte's "History of Eton College." Several interesting additions have been made, and the annals are brought up to date. It is a model of what such a book should be, a mine of valuable, curious and entertaining information, and brings out, in a dry and distinct light, the extraordinary complicity of Eton tradition, the causes of which, in spite of educational defects only recently remedied, of the unenlightened Conservatism of many of its former rulers, of the obvious objections which may be made against some of its methods, have contributed to the singular influence and prestige of the ancient school. Of course the school was only a secondary part of the original design. Eton was meant to be a "College of sad priests," a place for intercession and study, like Westminster. While at the latter institution the College of Canons has retained its pre-eminence, at Eton the College has almost disappeared and the school is paramount. Up to the present century the system was more that of a university. The boys lodged where they could, the masters went into school to lecture like professors, but had little to do with the domestic discipline of the place. The result was an extraordinary independence, which allowed a boy to choose his own pursuits, physical and intellectual. At the end of the last century revolutionary elements were everywhere in rebellion against authority. Dr. Keate therefore, in the name of society, ruled by force: he was the first of a series of memorable headmasters; Dr. Hawtrey ruled by intellectual stimulus and urbanity, Dr. Goodford by common sense and justice, Dr. Balston by dignity and fatherliness, Dr. Hornby by tact, Dr. Warre by energy and an almost military systematisation. Not until the time of Dr. Hornby had headmasters been permitted, even if they had been willing, to attempt reform. Dr. Hornby humanised the school, and under his discreet rule the old tyranny of force, the legalisation of cruelty as an amusement disappeared; Dr. Warre has made the school respect work, and though it may be doubtful how much longer any public school can be run on the old classical lines, there is no question of the thoroughness with which the work of the school is organised. Considering the average wealth of Etonian parents, and the fact that practically only the seventy selected Collegers and a few ambitious Oppidans are destined to compete for University distinctions, it is notable how the school holds its place against all but two or three schools who make the winning of scholarships their definite aim. Of course all this systematisation has another side to it; formerly at Eton the many were sacrificed to the few; now in the endeavour to screw up the average standard, the few are sacrificed to the many. The best education for a really able boy is stimulating teaching, sound direction, and a large command of leisure time; but now every hour is planned. Athletics, that perplexing feature of modern education—success in games being now the one legitimate object of the ordinary boy's ambition—have been systematised too; liberal leisure, so profitable for boys of character and independent tastes, has inevitably been swept away; with the result that the Eton of the last twenty years is a very different place from what it was in the earlier years of the century.

It is curious and interesting to look through the names of famous Etonians and to see into what classes they fall. There are comparatively few scholars, lawyers, historians, scientists, or divines—such names as Porson, Camden, Hallam, Boyle, and Pearson are the exception and not the rule; there is a fair sprinkling of names eminent in literature, but none, perhaps, of first-rate eminence excepting Gray and Shelley—the latter in no sense a characteristic product; there are a good many successful generals; but the real product of the place is statesmen.

We may go farther and say that it is remarkable how comparatively few Collegers have ever risen to eminence; of course up till the middle of the present century, when there was no proof of ability exacted, and when the name of Long Chamber was a disgrace to humanity and civilisation, it is not so much to be wondered at. But for the last fifty years this has been changed: there has been a great and increasing competition for the scholarships; the College has practically had the pick of the youthful ability of England—and yet, though the experiment has been fairly tried, though year after year Eton Collegers have taken high degrees at the Universities, there is a singular dearth of Collegers who have achieved anything like a conspicuous success in after life. That is to say, the boys who are selected with the utmost care, gratuitously boarded and taught, and who have moreover the possible advantage of association with the dominant class, seem hardly to repay the outlay; on the other hand, year after year, there rise to high political and administrative posts Etonian after Etonian, shrewd, capable, intelligent men, able speakers if seldom orators, and with a singular gift for leadership. What is the secret? Allowing for social advantages, there seems to be some method, fortuitous perhaps, but still eminently successful, by which the requisite qualities are developed; the method, whatever it is, is one which Eton, like all sensible institutions, keeps to itself.

A curious side-light is thrown upon the question by another book which has been lately issued, Mr. Alfred Lubbock's "Memories of Eton and Etonians." The author of this book may be reckoned as a prominent, even typical Etonian; and his book, a curiously illiterate and elementary production, draws a picture, with a literalness which would be gross if it were not so naïve, of what occupies the mind and develops the character of the veritable young barbarian. It is a depressing picture, but deserves to be studied by the educationist. There are pages upon pages of cricket scores, long-winded accounts of cricket matches and boating events in the flattest schoolboy style—"J. D. Walker played well, till I managed to catch him at long leg near the boundary for 12. . . . Teape bowled magnificently for us, and 'Pottles' Sutherland kept hammering away very straight." "I should put down 'Paddy' Hon. F. Lawless, now Lord Cloncurry, and E. T. 'Cow' Hawtrey . . . as about the best and strongest (oars) up to '59. A. Hall, quite a lightweight, and J. H. Mossop, were about the pick to 1864." There is no coherent allusion to anything intellectual from beginning to end, a few very familiar anecdotes about masters, some not very amusing practical jokes, and some incidents of unrivalled flatness connected with the possessors of noble names; there is not a trace of the existence of any liberal or generous feeling. The book in fact reads like the table talk of an egoistic man of limited intellect, whose mental development was arrested at an early age. Mr. Lubbock in fact, consciously or unconsciously, depicts himself and his friends as nothing more nor less than well-born hooligans with the frank intention of getting as much animal pleasure out of life as they can, if possible at the expense of quieter people, the annoyance of whom is in itself a distinct source of joy. We cannot bring ourselves to believe that the book is typical of Eton now, but if so, it is all the more creditable to the place that with such material it manages to maintain its prestige in the world.

We suppose the truth is that what the Eton system pre-eminently fits its alumni for is the art of dealing with other human beings in a spirit of reasonable liberty and manly independence. The stately dignity of its mellow buildings, the cool greenness of its fields and ancient trees form a worthy background for the vigorous and manly drama of life, made sweet by simple pleasures and fortified by bracing discipline, there daily enacted—and over all the light of youth! Eton, whatever her faults, somehow wins the heart and that may be her secret. Long may stately tradition, discreet and kindly rule, and romantic attachment continue to glorify the simple elements out of which she makes men!

#### A BLIND GUIDE.

"Books Worth Reading. A Plea for the Best and an Essay towards Selection, with Short Introductions." By Frank W. Raffety. London: Sampson Low. 1899.

THIS is one of the most amusing books which it has ever been our fortune to meet with. Of Mr. Frank W. Raffety we have not the honour to know anything but what we gather from this little volume and from its title-page. But he must be a singularly interesting gentleman. His enthusiasm for books, his portentous ignorance of them, his strenuous desire to improve the popular taste by pleading for the best, his instinctive tendency to make in all cases for the worst; his sublime intolerance of everything in literature which falls short of excellence, his more than sublime indifference to the commonest rules of grammar and syntax in expressing that intolerance; the confidence with which he passes judgment on works which he could never even have opened, and which indeed in some cases have never existed, and on authors with respect to whom he is ignorant of the very language in which they wrote; the naïveté, the frankness, the recklessness with which he displays his incompetence for the task which he has undertaken—in these qualifications and accomplishments Mr. Raffety is not perhaps alone, but he has certainly no superior.

Mr. Raffety aspires to guide his readers through the chief literatures of the world. Now the task of a reviewer who has a conscience, is not always a cheerful one, and we confess that when we had generally surveyed Mr. Raffety's work we resolved to amuse ourselves by trying to discover of which of the literatures to which Mr. Raffety constitutes himself a guide Mr. Raffety is probably most ignorant. It is a nice point. Let our readers judge. Of Theognis, the most voluminous of the Greek Gnostic poets, it is said that "only a few sentences (!) quoted in the works of Plato and others survive." "The Greek Anthology," we are astounded to learn, "is by Lord Neaves" and "is one of the best volumes in the A.C.E.R. series." What Mr. Raffety probably means is that Lord Neaves is the author of a monograph on the Greek anthology. With regard to Herodotus, Mr. Raffety has evidently got some information not generally accessible. His "History," we are told, "is a great prose epic. . . . The second book is of the most interest. In other works are the histories of Croesus, Cyrus," &c. It would be interesting to know what other works besides his "History" Herodotus has left. Of the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus Mr. Raffety gives the following interesting account. It contains, he says, "the story of Prometheus and his defiance of Jupiter, who condemned him to be bound to a rock, where he died rather than yield" (!) Of the translations recommended by Mr. Raffety we should very much like to get a sight of the translation of Pindar by Calverley, of the joint translation of the same classic by Messrs. E. Myers and A. Lang, and of the joint translation of Thucydides "by Jowett and Rev. H. Dale, 2 vols." Of Herodotus, of Æschylus, of Sophocles, of Pindar, of Polybius, of Demosthenes, what are by general consent esteemed the best translations are not so much as mentioned. Latin literature fares even worse. Mr. Raffety evidently knows no more of Catullus than that he was a writer of epigrams. In "guiding" his readers to translations of Lucretius and Juvenal, Munro's version of the first in prose and Gifford's version of the second in verse—which Conington pronounced to be the best version of any Roman classic in our language—are not referred to. Nor, again, in the case of Plautus and Terence, are the excellent versions of Thornton and Coleman mentioned. Tacitus, who is oddly described as "the foremost man of the day," an estimate which might have pleased but which would certainly have surprised him, chronicled, we are told, "the foundation of the Christian religion." Mr. Raffety's assurance on this point will probably disappoint inquisitive readers. Equally surprising are the portions of the work dealing with the modern literatures. In the course of these we learn that "the Nibelungen Lied is the oldest drama in Europe"; that the "Areopagitica" and the "Defence of the People of England"

are Milton's best prose writings—Mr. Raffety apparently not being aware that the second work is in Latin, and that if he means the first "Defence" it is anything but one of the best of Milton's writings—and that Dryden was most valuable as a translator from the Greek and Latin. Dryden's versions from the Greek, if we except perhaps that of the first book of the *Iliad*, are notoriously the very worst things he ever did.

Sometimes Mr. Raffety fairly takes our breath away, as when he informs us that Gray's tomb can be seen in the little churchyard of Stoke Pogis with the "Elegy" written upon it. Can Mr. Raffety be acquainted with the length of the "Elegy" and with the proportions of a tombstone? Chaucer, we are informed, wrote some poems in Italian. We should very much like to see them, for they appear to have escaped the notice of all Chaucer's editors. Swift's "Tale of a Tub" was written, we are told, "against the teaching of Hobbes." Would it not be honest of Mr. Raffety if he undertakes to instruct the public on the purport of particular works to take the trouble to turn over the said works, if he did no more? Such a remark as the above proves that a writer who could make it knows nothing whatever about the work on which he is commenting.

It is indeed impossible to open this book anywhere without alighting on some most discreditable blunder or absurdity. Thus we are informed that Macaulay's essay on Burleigh treats of the time of James I.—Burleigh, as we need hardly say, dying nearly five years before James came to the throne, and Macaulay's essay having no word about James I.'s time. "There is," says Mr. Raffety, "no more stirring lyric than 'The Cotter's Saturday Night,'" a remark which shows either that Mr. Raffety does not know what a lyric poem is or that he has been stirred by what he has never read. But to look for blunders in Mr. Raffety's pages would be to look for drops of water in the sea. His critical remarks and biographical notes are delightful. "Dante requires study and an endeavour after appreciation." Mr. Raffety is always anxious to conduct his readers by short cuts and to save them trouble. Macaulay's *Essays*, for example, should be read before his "History," "they will be more easily tackled," he says, "than the History in the first instance." But on the subject of Gibbon he is adamant, being fully of the late Professor Freeman's opinion—"Whatever else is read, Gibbon must be read." How Gibbon is to be read, or why Gibbon is to be read, or in what edition he should be read, Mr. Raffety does not explain.

In all seriousness we would ask what possible end can be served by books like these except to misguide and misinform? Here is a writer whose knowledge of ancient classical literature is demonstrably less than that possessed by any average fourth form boy, and who certainly leaves us with the impression that he cannot read the Greek and Latin classics in the original, setting up as a director of classical study, and pronouncing ex cathedra on the merits of translations of these classics. His knowledge of the modern literature is, as is abundantly manifest, equally insufficient and unsubstantial, and yet he undertakes to initiate and guide the inexperienced in these studies. This book is presented to the public in a most attractive form, being excellently printed on excellent paper, and will naturally be taken seriously by those to whom it appeals. It is for this reason that we also have felt it our duty to take it seriously.

#### LACRIMA CRISPI.

"Francesco Crispi: Insurgent, Exile, Revolutionist and Statesman." By W. J. Stillman. London: Richards. 1899. 7s. 6d.

WE are not surprised that Signor Crispi should have been disinclined to facilitate a biography, but it is as amusing as it is amazing to find Mr. Stillman weathering so large a succession of snubs and coming up smiling as an uncompromising eulogist. Incidentally he admits us to several curious little sidelights on the methods of the various foreign gentlemen who represent the leading English newspaper abroad. On the occasion of his first visit to his hero he was

received with "a severe repelling half-frown," was not offered a chair, and was curtly, suspiciously told that "the Government has no need of the support of the Press." In connexion with the diplomatic tone adopted by some of these gentlemen, this little scene is decidedly humorous. We have heard of correspondents in the East of Europe who demanded exclusive and private information almost at the point of the bayonet from the Governments to which they were accredited and did not hesitate to present ultimatums whenever reasons of State prevented the immediate gratification of their desires. They regarded the threat of their recall as no less terrifying than would be that of an ambassador from a great Power. In one case even we heard of a serious claim to take precedence over the British Consul, who was evidently regarded by the journalist as beside him a mere minor official. It is therefore with unfeigned admiration for the reticent magnanimity of a great man that we find Mr. Stillman continuing to frequent a minister, who had treated him so cavalierly, and persisting in unbounded praise and admiration. Indeed, we are quite unable to give a satisfactory explanation of this curious piece of psychology. Mr. Stillman tells us that he felt bound to encourage a statesman whose policy seemed to him advantageous for England, but we understand that Mr. Stillman is an American. He speaks also of the intimacy "of an honest Minister with an honest Journalist," but this is scarcely likely to inspire much confidence in the honesty of the journalist among those who know anything of the honesty of the minister. However, it is at least interesting to find a succinct if not always quite unprejudiced narrative of the life of a man who, for good or ill, has left a deep mark upon the history of his country, and after making considerable allowance for the extravagance of enthusiasm we shall be able to deduce a certain portraiture.

Francesco Crispi was born in Sicily in 1819, and, like so many militant patriots, was mainly of foreign origin. His family was Albanian, his grandfather was an orthodox pope, and he himself was educated in the Greek-Albanian seminary of Palermo. Mr. Stillman attributes to this origin a craftiness equal to that of a Red Indian and a "curious mixture of passionless temperament with volcanic temper." Crispi was originally intended for the magistracy, and it is conceivable that, if it had been made worth his while at the outset, he might have led a life of useful and loyal mediocrity under the absolute rule of the Bourbons. His nature was, however, restless and restive of authority and a disappointing love-affair, which brought him early into conflict with his father, paved the way for a wider field of rebellion. The first vent of his disaffection was the usual gutter journalism, in which he evaded the censorship by praising ancient democracies and denouncing the absolutism of the Grand Turk, always of course with a double meaning. He had, however, nothing to complain of in his treatment by the authorities, who facilitated his call to the Bar and even gave him the privilege of dispensing with one of the customary examinations. He also received considerable kindness at Court, and was permitted on more than one occasion to make personal statements of hard cases to the King of Naples who gratified his wishes with much magnanimity. All this is worth noting because it presents to us the unusual feature of a notorious revolutionary who was inspired by no heart-rending grievances either of his own or of the populace. This may be taken as proving either his disinterestedness or the quality of his gratitude, according to the point of view from which we survey him.

He seems to have been engaged in conspiracy from the outset of his career but either his Red Indian craft or an excessively cautious regard for his own skin long saved him from the consequences. He was deeply implicated in the Insurrection of Cosenza in 1844 but was not even denounced when his colleagues were arrested. Towards the end of 1847 he had begun to attract suspicion and, after an unsuccessful rising, was indicated for arrest, but he received a warning through the mistress of his commissary of police and that individual was eventually induced—who knows? perhaps through the same agency—to make a favourable report

of him, which served for a long time to avert the attention of the police. In 1848, the year of revolution, he was naturally to the fore and we find him forgetting all the king's personal kindness towards him and advocating his execution instead of mere deposition. Accordingly when the movement collapsed, his name was one of the few exempted from amnesty and he was fortunate in making good his escape to Turin, where he relapsed into minor revolutionary journalism. As "administrator and chronicler" on the staff of the "Progresso" he received the magnificent salary of sixty francs a month and he eked out a sorry existence by contributions to various other journals, doubtless even less munificent. So intolerable was his condition at this time that we find him applying for the wretched position of Communal Secretary to a little mountain village in Piedmont, which at the outside could not have been worth more than fifty or sixty pounds a year. His letter of application was couched in a tone of impudent arrogance such as we have rarely met with, and it is not surprising that his services were not eagerly accepted. Complicity in Mazzini's insurrection in 1853 led to his exile, and for some time he struggled along in England, giving Italian lessons, keeping the books of a fellow-countryman, and circulating seditious literature. It appears probable that he advocated the murder of various sovereigns, and in 1856 he was arrested on a charge of complicity with Orsini but escaped through lack of evidence. We need not follow him through all the details of the expedition of the Thousand of Marsala, which remain in the memory of the average newspaper reader, but may content ourselves with noting that, though he contrived to ingratiate himself with Garibaldi, he was not an easy man to get on with. The Monarchists of Victor Emmanuel were against him on account of his Republican taint and the Republicans never forgave his abandonment of their principles. His colleagues in successful conspiracy sought to arrest him and strenuous efforts were made to keep him out of the newly invented Italian Parliament. However, he maintained a hold over the rabble, and succeeded in obtaining a handsome public subscription for the relief of his poverty. He naturally expected that the success of the Revolution, which he had been foremost in promoting, would provide him with honours and permanent office, but finding himself a disappointed aspirant he soon became as irreconcilable towards the new state of things as he had been towards the old. He made himself so disagreeable as a "devourer of Ministries," "almost invariably in extreme opposition and always in front of it," and his political action was marked by so much savagery that the Court grew frightened of his influence. In 1878 he had to be admitted to office as Minister of the Interior, but the public scandal of his private life, amounting even according to Mr. Stillman's indulgent narrative to what we are unable to differentiate from bigamy, necessitated his exclusion from public affairs. He at once embarked upon very violent opposition against his former chief, and on the death of Depretis was forced by popular clamour into the premiership. The consequences of his administration with its characteristics of megalomania of corruption and of incompetence are still burthening Italy to-day, and even Mr. Stillman's enthusiasm is unable to make out a plausible case for his defence.

In the matter of the Giolitti plico Mr. Stillman is grossly unfair and much of his adulation can only serve to discount the rest of his defence. The only reason he can find for Crispi's unpopularity is that "he is too big for Italy," and it does not seem to occur to him that the pettiness of that country is in any way attributable to the man who was so largely responsible for the making thereof. "The result of the last ten years," we are told, "is to show, even him, that his was an idle dream. Italy is incapable of any foreign policy but that of a protected Power. Civic virtue is at too low an ebb for the nation to have any active policy. The conflict of personal ambitions has eaten up the general well-being of its Government; corruption in its legislative and judicial regions, increasing rather than diminishing, has destroyed the confidence of the masses, which is the main strength of every good Government. Crispi's dream was an idle one, and perhaps his greatest sorrow is to see his disillusion."

After this, we are quite willing to leave Mr. Stillman to find whatever consolation he pleases in the reflection that his hero, "now no longer on the way to power, but a broken and nearly blind old man," will one day be awarded a splendid funeral.

#### CROMWELL AS SOLDIER.

"Cromwell as a Soldier." By Lieutenant-Colonel Baldock. (The Wolseley series, edited by Captain W. H. James.) London: Kegan Paul. 1899. 15s.

OF the works recently added to Cromwellian literature, one at least was greatly needed. For curiously enough—although there is a German book on the subject—we have not hitherto possessed in our language one dealing primarily with Cromwell's military career. Captain James' idea of supplying such a want was therefore a happy one. The volume in question is an elaborate compilation of what is known of the man as a soldier, with an excellent summary in the last chapter—the best in the book—of the author's conclusions on the subject. Altogether the book contains a fund of information, but of the light and shade of the historian's art, showing the great central figure in clear relief, there is little.

When the great struggle began, the art of war—save in the case of those who had served under Gustavus Adolphus—was little known in England; and the science of waging it was in a transition stage between the days when kings made war through the mere love of fighting or ambition and that later period when nations fight for national ends. The rules which guide the conduct of war in these two cases are widely different. In the first the fighting was done—at any rate since the decline of the feudal system—by mercenaries, whose object was naturally to prolong the war; while in the second the object of those who fight is to bring it to an end as quickly as possible. To adapt the art to this changed order of things required a military genius, and in Cromwell one was found. Early in the war, and while still only at the head of sixty troopers, he realised that his side could never achieve much without a highly efficient cavalry. For it must be remembered that at this period cavalry was still the most important arm. From the very beginning his own troop was a model. The men were somewhat after his own pattern—stern religious enthusiasts. By 1643 this modest force had grown into a regiment of ten troops; and it was on them, known after Naseby as the Ironsides, the subsequently invincible army of the Commonwealth was moulded. The famous controversy between Cromwell and Manchester, the outcome of which was the establishment of the new model army, reveals the mastery which the former—who had begun soldiering as a novice but three years before—had even then acquired over strategy and tactics. It showed too that Cromwell's masterful nature was ill suited for inferior positions, and that Manchester had in him a subordinate who was hard to manage and one who certainly did not "play the game" with his commander. Meanwhile in the field Cromwell's reputation was growing apace. At Marston Moor he measured swords for the first time with Rupert and came off best, a result again repeated at Naseby, but then he had the advantage of numbers on his side. The one pinned his faith on precision and cohesion, the other on dash and rapidity. But the real secret of Cromwell's success lay in this—that while Rupert was rash and hasty in his judgment, occasionally launching his charge too soon or carrying it too far, Cromwell, even in the fiercest heat of action, never lost control of his men or of himself. The success of the new model army was phenomenal. Within three months of its creation it had dispersed the king's field armies, and left him nothing but stray detachments and fortified places, which fell a startlingly easy prey to Cromwell. His plan was almost invariably the same—a careful reconnaissance, a concentration of artillery fire, and an assault. The vigour which he introduced into this work was an entirely new feature in the warfare of those days of long sieges; and fortresses which had resisted others for months fell in a few days before him.

With each step he took up the ladder of fame, new

features in his character came to light, and his capacity seems to have expanded to meet each new situation. The Duke of Hamilton's invasion of England afforded him an opportunity of showing his quality in chief command. Two roads into England were open to the invader, one through Yorkshire and one through Lancashire. Unwisely he chose the latter, and had thus to march his army through what was practically a long defile. Here we have a striking instance of Cromwell's nerve. Most men would have adopted the simple expedient of barring Hamilton's advance. Not so Cromwell. He left Lancashire open and marched into Yorkshire with the object, when the opportunity arose, of falling on the enemy's flank and rear and cutting off his communications with Scotland. By this plan—if it succeeded—the Scotch army would not merely be defeated but destroyed. The opportunity which he looked for soon came. Hamilton's three contingents were separated, each a day's march apart, and in complete ignorance as to Cromwell's whereabouts. Near Preston he fell on the Scottish flank; and though in the total his force was considerably the inferior, he brought superior numbers to bear at the decisive point, and the result was as he had anticipated. His conduct of the Irish campaign was no less admirable. To begin with he wisely refused to sail without an ample supply of money. The task which faced him on his arrival was one which might well have appalled most men. For in addition to being in the midst of a hostile people the country was devastated by famine. He had therefore to rely principally on the sea for his supplies. There were no roads to speak of, every town was a fortress, and fortified castles abounded. To the coast therefore he had to confine his operations, for to go inland was to starve. So every port he took was turned into a new base. Thus his lines of communication were short. As the fortresses were of more importance to Ormonde than the army, he turned his attention to the former. But as there were many it was impossible to take them all. So he began by taking two, and he made so frightful an example of these that the remainder gave little trouble. It is true that in the case of Wexford the massacre appears to have taken place without his orders. But after Drogheda—which at any rate was his doing—what else could have been expected? To attempt to palliate his conduct, as he did, on the ground that massacres had already taken place in Ireland, is to beg the question. Two wrongs can never make one right. That it was politic to do so, and that in the end it saved blood is probable; but that it was barbarous is certain. Still from a military point of view the campaign was a masterpiece, and the combination between the fleet and the army perfect. When at last he had to go inland he spent a whole month securing his communications between Cork, Waterford, and Dublin. No doubt the strained relations between the Catholic and Protestant elements in the Irish army materially helped him. His forethought too in waiting for sufficient money before starting gave him an enormous advantage over Ormonde, and—coupled with the superior discipline he maintained—enabled him to procure from the inhabitants such supplies as there were. The Dunbar campaign is especially interesting. David Leslie—an excellent commander of the old school of caution and deliberation—was opposed to the great exponent of the new. The armies, too, were fairly representative of the two systems. Cromwell's was composed of permanent units, while Leslie's was collected together for the occasion. But the great difference between them lay in this. In Cromwell's army all ranks knew each other, so that with them a cohesion was possible which in Leslie's army was impossible. Cromwell's strategy was by no means faultless. He established himself at Dunbar without previously securing his communications with England; a neglect which might have cost him dear. Leslie in fact did cut him off from England and occupied a strong position with superior numbers. Carelessly however he placed his army so that its wings, owing to the nature of the ground, were unable to support each other. Cromwell at once detected the error and at daybreak launched his attack on Leslie's right. Though his force was less than half that of his opponent he routed him. But after this there was

still another army to be dealt with at Stirling under Charles II. himself, an army, too, nearly double the strength of Cromwell's. Being unable to force the Royalists to fight he cut off their communications with the North and threw open the road to England. When one considers the strength of the royal army, the extreme unpopularity of the Independents, and the consequences of a defeat to that party, the audacity of the scheme is apparent. Charles fell into the trap. But as he advanced into England, he found that nearly all those who would have helped him had been rendered powerless to do so. In the meantime Cromwell, convinced that the royal army was marching to its destruction, was hastening South to bring about that consummation. The end came at Worcester and with it closed Cromwell's active career as a soldier.

During the nine years it lasted the task he accomplished of transforming an untrained militia into the finest army in Europe alone entitles him to be called a great soldier. Casting aside the old style of warfare he struck at the armies in the field, for he realised that the fortresses without their support were powerless. His method was essentially offensive; and, though in no hurry to make up his mind, he carried out his decisions with extraordinary rapidity and inflexibility of purpose. His blows were well-timed and thus in their effect crushing; and he possessed the rare ability to seize such fleeting opportunities as occur on the battlefield. At Preston it was a strategical error of which he took advantage and at Dunbar it was a tactical one. His employment of cavalry was admirable and he always kept a reserve in hand till to use it would be decisive. Above all he adapted his strategy to the situation. When the army of his opponent was all-important he destroyed it; but when it was a secondary consideration, as in Ireland, he concentrated his attention on the fortresses. But great commander as Cromwell was he never proved his capacity to play a losing game—at any rate never on a large scale. Hence what his conduct would have been, say, in such a situation as Napoleon's in 1814—perhaps the most brilliant of even his campaigns—we know not. But such capacity is the hall mark of the supreme commander; and this unknown quantity in Cromwell's calibre prevents his taking his place beside the giants of military history.

#### RICHARD CARVEL.

"Richard Carvel." By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1899. 6s.

NOT to fail in writing an historical novel is to attain a measure of success in the art of fiction which in itself entitles the author to consideration. It is apparently so easy to select some period of history rich in dramatic materials, where personages and events are as it were ready made to the hand and seem to tell their own story, that the veriest tyro is seduced into making his first essays in a kind of literature which is in fact only somewhat less difficult than writing blank verse and an epic poem. Even the treatment of episodic selections of history for fictional purposes is sufficiently difficult, and our most successful recent novelists such as Mr. Stanley Weyman and Mr. Anthony Hope have not attempted the presentation of history on the grand scale. Charles Reade was the last English novelist who achieved success with a massive picture of history "The Cloister and the Hearth." We may go back then to Thackeray and "Esmond" and "The Virginians;" thence to Scott whose successes and failures it is not necessary to particularise. The glamour of Lytton's romances of history abides with us; we still read "Westward Ho" if not "Hereward the Wake" without imagining them to be genuine products of the muse of historical fiction; and how wooden so-called historical novels may be, that fascinator of our crude youth, Harrison Ainsworth, still remains sufficiently alive to testify.

Mr. Winston Churchill has made the most ambitious effort that has been made for a considerable time in this class of literature, and if "Richard Carvel" is not a great novel it is a boldly conceived and vividly presented study of a series of political events, groups of characters, and a social life which are of profound and

perennial interest. Mr. Churchill does not shrink from one of the most delicate of feats—the introduction of historical personages as *dramatis personæ* of his scenes of fiction.

It is inevitable that a novel dealing with the period of the revolt of the American colonies and purposing to reconstitute the modes of life and thought of the then two opposed peoples of England and America should suggest comparison with Mr. Churchill's great master Thackeray. When we say that he has achieved a success where Thackeray achieved masterpieces, that is a form of praise which no writer need resent in these degenerate days. The comparison only relates to method. Mr. Churchill's own stores of material, the skill and tact with which he uses them and the discretion which avoids any apparent effort to wield Thackeray's ponderous arms are marks of originality and distinction sufficient to remove all invidiousness from the comparison. A less cultured writer than Mr. Churchill would have been tempted, to his ruin, into reproducing the rumbling thunder of cynicism by which we recognise our Thackeray. We do not recollect a sentence in which Mr. Churchill poses as a moralist, and apart from expressions of certain political views, natural in an American, intended to exalt the motives and conduct of the "Whig dogs" of the colonies, he tells his story in the pleasantest, easiest and most direct of styles. He is less successful in his introduction of references to personages like Swift, Walpole, Burke, Charles Fox, Garrick, and other notable characters of the period. There a contrast is forced upon us which we cannot escape. Such references in Thackeray represent his wonderful art at its highest. Anywhere else they are more or less obtrusive and clumsy. Mr. Churchill's only chance was not to do it; and yet if he had not we should have missed much pleasant and curious reading. And it would be a serious loss not to know Dorothy Manners, though Beatrix Esmond lives. Mr. Churchill has indisputable right to congratulate himself on Dorothy Manners. It is true the theme was given him, but he has made delightful variations upon it, and if the airs change to celestial, where originally they were diabolic, it is not yet prohibited to our novelists to treat a good woman as—

"A real woman, lineal indeed  
From Pyrrha's pebbles or old Adam's seed."

And this is Dorothy Manners as Mr. Churchill has imagined her.

#### RUSSIA ON THE PACIFIC.

"Russia on the Pacific and the Siberian Railway." By Vladimir. With maps and illustrations. London: Sampson Low. 1899.

THE story of Russia's recent advance to the Pacific has never received in Europe the attention it deserved, although people are now at last beginning to see its meaning. There had been much futile writing about Khiva and Merv and the Murgab, but the daring strides that Russia was taking on the Amur and in Northern Mongolia passed almost unnoticed until the seizure of Port Arthur and the rebuff to English diplomacy in that region brought us face to face with the fact that a new era had dawned on the Pacific. We are therefore under a real obligation to "Vladimir" for his interesting volume recounting the story of the conquest of Siberia, of the Amur and of the coast territory, and we hope that it will find many English readers. From the point of view of diplomatic education alone Downing Street and the British Embassy in Peking should not overlook a story which tells how, without once waging war or firing a shot, Russia has in half a century obtained all she wanted from China in territory and in influence, whilst England after several costly wars finds herself relegated to the third or fourth place in the eyes of the Tsung-li-Yamen. Not that Vladimir, who says he is not a Russian, is a blind admirer of the S. Petersburg officials—he does not hesitate to call them "foolish," "perverse," "criminal" even, in their neglect of Russian interests in the Far East. What the Tsar Nicholas did—to take the instance of the lower

Amur and Vladivostok—was to choose a good man and then give him a free hand in spite of red tape and officialdom. The moral seems to be that the cutting of the wires with Downing Street would at critical moments marvellously strengthen the hands of English diplomacy abroad.

The Clive of Russia's Eastern Empire was Count Nicholas Muravieff (the author calls him "Muravioff" all through this volume), a young man of no particular standing or influence, who in 1847 found himself suddenly promoted to the position of Governor of Eastern Siberia, which at that time only extended to the point on the Upper Amur where Russia's advance had in 1689 been checked by China. The new Governor at once saw that if his province was to be of any use to the Empire it must have access to the sea by the great waterway of the Amur and this brought him into conflict with the traditional diplomacy at that time in the ascendant at S. Petersburg and represented by Count Nesselrode. Detached bodies of Cossacks had of course already reached the extreme Northern Pacific, and Okhotsk had been founded over two centuries before, but S. Petersburg dreaded any serious extension in the habitable parts of Siberia. Even Nicholas met Muravieff's expansionist arguments by saying "All that is very fine, but consider that I must defend it from Cronstadt," and it was only by taking advantage of every possible opening that the Governor had his way.

The great dread of the officials was that Russia might come into conflict with China and so incur some terrible disaster, but the "yellow peril," then, as ever, proved a ridiculous bogey, and Muravieff soon took the measure of his opponents and achieved his ends. His method was a simple one, and Russia has ever since used it with almost unvarying success. It was, in a word, to confront China in all cases with the fait accompli. In diplomacy China can out-manceuvre any Western Power—can out-manceuvre even Russia, which is only by courtesy a Western Power, but she is utterly helpless before daring initiative. A century of negotiation would not have advanced Russia a hundred miles down the Amur. A few years of action found her firmly planted at Nicolaievsk, Vladivostok, Port Arthur, and master of the metropolitan province of Manchuria. And all this, be it noted, without once quarrelling with China—while posing in fact as her friend and protector.

Some people will have it that when we call attention to Russia's wonderful advance in Asia we are Russophobes, Jingoes, and what not. All this is very silly. Russia has secured her advances with the minimum of friction and bloodshed because she has recognised the conditions of her enterprise. She has treated the Chinaman as a Chinaman and has succeeded; we have pretended to treat him as a westerner and we have made ourselves ridiculous. Our pretext has been that we wished to be "humane" and to avoid "blood-guiltiness;" the fact is that we have killed a hundred Chinamen for one killed by Russia and Russia is to-day regarded as the friend and England as the enemy. Our object is simply to point out how much better, how much simpler, how much less "bloodguilty" are Russian methods than ours. There is ample room in Asia for Russia and for England; but there is no room for a Power that does not know its own mind and as in the case of Port Arthur, stultifies its naval officers on the spot by conflicting orders from London. All this is not mere past history. Its value consists in the light that it throws on what is going on at this moment in the Far East. Russia has gained all she wanted and vastly more than she hoped for by giving her agents a free hand and by taking advantage of incidents like the Taiping rebellion and the Japanese war. We only wish that all our young gentlemen in Downing Street would occupy their abundant leisure in studying M. Vladimir's volume and mastering the principles that underlie Russian action as therein recorded; then we might hope that in the next generation we should have a race of diplomatists who were capable of understanding the facts of the Eastern question.

## OTHER TIMES OTHER MANNERS.

"An Idler in Old France." By Tighe Hopkins. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1899.

IN the picturesque fourteenth century—the epoch modern æsthetes continually lament—to idle in the streets of old Paris was a dangerous distraction. Swine loitered in the gutters; all manner of refuse lay about; no one swept, no one cleaned: no one either troubled to trace the effect or its cause when plague broke out. It raged so fiercely from 1348 onwards that the king called upon the faculty of medicine for a remedy. The faculty had none to offer; but after "de longues discussions" declared that the epidemic was the result of a hostile conjunction of the planets Jupiter and Mars. Doctors took care of themselves if they did not cure their patients. Charles de Lorine, physician to Louis XIII., might have been seen "ambling through the streets on his mule, wrapped in an overcoat of morocco leather, beneath which was a gown steeped in chemicals, great spectacles on his nose, a clove of garlic in his mouth, rue in his nostrils, and incense in his ears." Under Louis XIV., however, one La Regnie, chief of the police, worked wonders in the streets. Doorsteps, he said, must be cleaned; and finding Corneille's neglected dealt severely with the poet for not regarding his rule. But mud remained; the mud of "ancient and abhorred celebrity," to which Montaigne and Boileau wrote odes: Paris mud, muddiest of all. Personal cleanliness was not a virtue of the age either. Costumes, as everyone knows, were elaborate: but at the point of ablutions, the "long labour of the toilet" ceased. Only under the Roi Soleil did it commence to be good form for a man of fashion to "wash himself occasionally." Wigs became popular: forty-five of them, all different, among others the "Cavalier," the "Cornet," the "Lunatic." Louis himself had a chamber full at Versailles and put on a fresh one for chapel, for hunting, and for receiving an ambassador. Patches appeared: square, oval, heart-shaped, round. Their whereabouts had a sly significance; placed near the eye they spelt "passionate," on the forehead "majestic," on the lower lip "discreet." Coiffeurs made fortunes; there were innumerable ways of arranging powdered hair: à la Frivolité, au Caprice, or in the manner of the "Constant Butterfly," the "Discreet Witness," the "Charms of Liberty," the "Windmill," and the "Kite." Thus adorned old Paris sat at table before wonderful stews, highly seasoned, stocked with poultry, fish, meat, vegetables, and fruit: into them, the guests plunged "naked fists." Roast meat was scattered with scented powder; pastry steeped in musk. Often, Louis XIV. dined in public; his people had the privilege of strolling into the palace and watching him and his guests eat. "A duchess mumbling a bone; a noble marquis surreptitiously scratching himself; a belle marquise withdrawing her spoon from her lips to help a neighbour to sauce with it; another frail creature scouring her plate with bread," was no unusual sight. "Civilités," or books on etiquette, gave strange but evidently necessary advice. "No one of good breeding beats a bone on the table to extract the marrow, it is better to leave the marrow alone; if the plate before you be not clean do not scrape it with your fingers, but call for another." Lastly, the guest is exhorted not "to scratch himself in public," and not "to pocket the dessert."

From the king's table Mr. Tighe Hopkins takes us to the mediæval inn, where monks rejoiced and travellers were robbed; to a mediæval pulpit from which Brother Maillard preached candidly, asking merchants: "Is there any difference between the devil and you?—a rogue and a swindler is the devil, you know;" to the "bagne" and the wretched prisoners at Toulon, Brest, and Rochefort. After following the "Chase" from Charlemagne to Louis XIV., Mr. Hopkins, an energetic idler, saunters into the Comédie Française, and closes with a sketch of that brilliant caricaturist Gavarni. "There are many curious and pleasant paths not over-trodden yet in this romantic tract, which might be for another day," says Mr. Hopkins in his preface. The phrase seems to predict a second volume—so much the better: to idle in old France with an observer so attentive and so vivacious is not to lose one's time.

## AN ECONOMIST IN OFFICE.

"Les Finances de la France sous la Troisième République." Par Léon Say. Tome deuxième. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1899.

IN some distant age, when the impulses and prejudices of mere humanity have conformed to the needs of exact science, the theoretical economist may find his true place in the sphere of government and public finance. Until that stage of enlightenment is reached, we must be content to see the thinker striving to carry out his ideas amid untoward circumstances. The present instalment of the works of M. Léon Say offers a case in point. Here is no formal treatise on the finances of France, but a bewildering collection of speeches marked by the unnecessary treatment of details, the frequent digressions and interruptions, incident to Parliamentary debate. It is useless to criticise a book for being what it professes to be; but it is to be regretted that the principles of one who ranks high as an economist and financier should be presented in a form which must daunt the reader whose leisure is small. The principles are there, but the search for them is not lightly to be undertaken.

The amateur financier is not peculiar to France, but its Parliamentary system seems to afford unusual scope for the display of his abilities. The penalty for the man of business who does not balance his accounts is failure. The deputy who upsets the national balance-sheet may not suffer in person, and may even be rewarded by a measure of cheap popularity. Reduce taxation and trust to luck to supply the deficit, is the policy of a certain class of reformers. Against this policy M. Say, with voice and pen, consistently protests. He is called on to face an extraordinary war debt entailing a heavy burden on a community more or less disorganised. His task is to restore the finances to a reasonably sound condition, and moreover to meet the cost of reconstructing the national defences. At every turn he is hampered by proposals for reduction and reform. The hard fate of the man who is both economist and financier is at once apparent. The economist within him says: Certain taxes were hastily imposed, are bad in theory or unjust in their incidence. Abolish them forthwith. The financier replies: It is impossible. Equilibrium must first be restored in the budget. Reduction can only come with a surplus. Indirect taxation may not please the economist; the administrator finds that indirect taxes are more easily collected than direct. So theory must give way, the system must remain. A sense of responsibility is a strong restraint on the inclinations.

Unfortunately, power and responsibility do not lie in the same hands. The minister must take account of the private initiative. A deputy may know little and care less about the financial situation of the country, but he has his private or local interests to serve. A law is proposed, entailing loss to the revenue at some future date. The members in passing the law are not concerned with the question of resources. That is a prosaic and unpopular matter; it may conveniently be left to some future budget. Why should a deputy, the creature of the moment, trouble himself with the distant liabilities of the State? This is the business of the minister of finances. In vain the minister demands more control over his colleagues, more sincerity in the budget, a simultaneous discussion of expenses and supplies. Year after year the deputy with a happy irresponsibility treads lightly in the path of popularity, utterly reckless of the results of his actions. But the reformer is not content merely to cut off the supplies of the Treasury; his financial proposals take other and more insidious forms. He is deeply concerned with the question of public works. Certain of these are recognised by all as necessary; the taxpayer must be prepared to face the consequences. Government, especially of the democratic type, is not carried on for nothing. M. Say is quite willing to admit the necessity. But let us have a definite plan, a clear estimate of expenses. This is the policy of the financier. It does not commend itself to the reformer. His creed is far different. Here is a work which may be useful to the public but unprofitable to the undertaker; private enterprise refuses, let the State begin it

forthwith. Let it take over the railways, reform and construct, regardless of the trifling matter of profit. Charges must be reduced, the system remodelled. The experiment was tried on a small part of the system, though M. Say protested. The result was heavy financial loss. State ownership was discredited even among its advocates. Still less could schemes of construction commend themselves to the financier. Sparsely inhabited districts were to be supplied at the cost of the rest with elaborate means of communication which they did not need. It was not even pretended that the new lines would pay. But to the thinker who can look to the future the mere loss of capital is not the worst element in the problem. Railway rates will be regarded as taxes. The chambers will become the arena of conflicting commercial interests. Each group of members will be pledged to gain advantages for its own locality or its own special trade. The budget in addition to its present difficulties will be subject to all the uncertainties of industrial profit and loss. Sound estimates are hard to reach as it is; in such circumstances they would be impossible. There would be, doubtless, a fine field for doctrinaire experiment; but a financier may well be forgiven for shuddering at the prospect. It is refreshing to find in M. Say a theoretical economist with the courage to protest against that misuse of theory which consists in applying it with an utter disregard of material conditions. It is his misfortune, owing to the exigencies of his office, to find himself continually opposing in practice views which in theory command his sympathy. Perhaps the political machine would work more easily if reformers in France and elsewhere were restrained at times by a similar sense of responsibility. "Le malheur des inventeurs de formules c'est de perdre le sens des réalités," is the text from which M. Say is ever taking his theme. His speeches in the present volume are to be studied as illustrations of this view in the sphere of Parliamentary government in France rather than as formal contributions to the science of finance.

#### BRITISH LEPIDOPTERA.

"A Natural History of the British Lepidoptera." A Text-book for Students and Collectors. By J. W. Tutt. Vol. I. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1899.

DURING the past twenty or thirty years the attention of entomologists has been directed to the possible origin of the Lepidoptera, but it is probable that this matter has only been seriously investigated during the decade now drawing to a close. Various eminent authors have given us their views and conclusions touching the evolution of this order, which comprises the insects familiarly known as butterflies and moths. Mr. Tutt in the work before us has, in a series of introductory chapters, presented and discussed all the leading facts made public by Chapman, Dixey, Dyer, Grote, Hampson, Meyrick, Packard, Poulton, Speyer, Walter, and others. The balance of opinion appears to be that the Lepidoptera and possibly also the Diptera (flies), have been derived from the same stock as the Trichoptera (caddis-flies), and that the ancient base was neuropterous.

In a general way Lepidoptera may be distinguished from all other insects by the possession of a proboscis or tongue, which when not in use is coiled up like a watch-spring between the labial palpi or brushes which serve to protect and to clean the tongue. In some species, however, the proboscis is aborted or even entirely absent. The wings, which are regularly veined, are clothed with white or coloured atoms, usually referred to as scales but which are really modified hairs. Moths and butterflies pass through four stages in their cycle of existence. 1. The egg. 2. The larva or caterpillar. 3. The pupa or chrysalis. 4. The imago or perfect insect. The second of these stages is a most important one, as it is in this state that growth is effected and the ultimate size of the imago influenced. In the third stage activity apparently ceases and the organism assumes a seemingly dormant condition; as a matter of fact however a wonderful process of change

is now being effected and in due course the perfect moth or butterfly emerges from its pupal shell. These phases in an insect's life are treated by Mr. Tutt in an exceedingly instructive manner and it would seem that no published fact of any importance has escaped him.

Turning to the classificatory part of the book it is found that the scheme of arrangement devised by Mr. Tutt does not agree in certain respects with that of any previous author and differs materially from some of the systems recently proposed. There is however a want of accord in these latter arrangements themselves. Most of the newer systems are founded almost exclusively on the study of one set of characters and in one stage of the insects only. Those systematists who attach especial importance to wing venation of the perfect insect give but scant attention to details of structure of the ovum, the larva, or the pupa. On the other hand, they who consider the peculiarities of the larva to be of primary value are not greatly interested in neural differences and almost entirely ignore the form of the egg. Others again are of opinion that ova and pupæ exhibit characters upon which a satisfactory phylogeny can be established without any particular reference to the perfect insect being necessary. Mr. Tutt has critically discussed all these various methods of classification and in forming his conclusions has been guided by the light of the most recent additions to knowledge of the subject and by the results of his own independent investigations. The system he proposes appears to be largely founded on the early stages of the insects and to a great extent he has adopted the conclusions of Dr. Chapman who deals chiefly with oval and larval characters. The Lepidoptera are divided into three main divisions or, as they are designated by Mr. Tutt, stirps. 1. The Noctuo-Hepialid stirps. 2. The Geometro-Eriocraniid stirps. 3. The Sphingo-Micropterygid stirps. Each of these assemblages comprises families of the macro division (old style), as well as other families which are usually placed in the micro division. The association of some of the families in these groupings is certainly strikingly original. There is no doubt that the systematic arrangement of the Lepidoptera on old methods is faulty and does not always indicate the true relationship of groups or families. With regard to the value of phylogenetic study as a basis of classification there can be no question. It is, however, doubtful whether the subject is yet thoroughly understood. The amount of knowledge available at present, extensive though it be, probably falls far below what is really required before a system of classification possessing any claim to finality can be founded. Still every new scheme that is introduced should have careful attention, as, even if it is not itself perfect, it will doubtless contribute something towards the ultimate attainment of an approximately permanent classification.

The Micropterygides being regarded as the most ancient lepidopterous development from the neuropterous stock previously adverted to, it follows that, as the principle of Mr. Tutt's system is to work up through the generalised to the most specialised superfamilies, the second part of his book commences with a consideration of the Sphingo-Micropterygid stirps. Owing, however, to the exhaustive manner in which each species is dealt with the four hundred and thirty odd pages devoted to the purpose only suffice for the treatment of the first six superfamilies in the stirps: these include the Nepticulides and the Anthrocerides. The amount of material that has been incorporated into this portion of the work is enormous and much credit is due to the author for the energy displayed in collating such a mass of facts and detail. One cannot help wishing, however, that a great deal of the matter had been considerably condensed. It is perhaps sometimes useful for a writer to present his readers with every scrap of information bearing upon his subject that he himself has been able to gather together, as they, the readers, are then in a position more readily to estimate the value of the conclusions arrived at. At the same time it must be admitted that the practice is not without its disadvantages. A plethora of minutiae is apt to obscure the true significance of more important facts.

## THE EARLY HISTORY OF MAN.

"Man Past and Present." By A. H. Keane. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1899.

THERE is no higher authority on the subject of ethnology than the late Professor of Hindustani at University College, and the University of Cambridge has done wisely in entrusting the work which lies before us to his competent hands. It is a thoroughly good book, clear, compact, up to date, and packed with facts. The reader will find in it all, or nearly all, that is known at present about the general characteristics of the different races of mankind, their geographical distribution, and their earlier history. Mr. Keane has gone to the best and latest authorities and his knowledge of them in all departments of anthropology is really extraordinary. Nothing seems to have escaped his notice, not even an obscure paper in the most obscure of German periodicals.

Mr. Keane, however, is not a mere compiler. He has views of his own and proof of this is constantly appearing in his pages. Thus, as he tells us in his preface, he has "endeavoured to show that the Berber and Basque races and languages were originally one, that the Ligurians were not round-headed Kelts but long-headed Afro-Europeans, and that the Pelasgians belonged to the same pre-Hellenic stock to which must now be credited the Ægean cultures of pre-Mykenæan and Mykenæan times. Should these conclusions," he adds, "be confirmed by further investigation, modern research may claim to have reconstructed the ethnical history of the widespread Mediterranean peoples, who still form the substratum, and in some places even the bulk, of the North African, Italian, Spanish, South French, and British populations."

The last words may seem startling to those who talk about "our Anglo-Saxon ancestors" and our "German kinsfolk," but anthropology has little regard for the ignorant platitudes of the daily Press, and has long since come to the conclusion that the main part of the British population is physically, if not morally, descended from those older races which the Kelts of Cæsar already found existing here. The British Islands were the last refuge of the populations whom the advancing tides of emigration from the east or south drove westward, and here they remained to mingle with one another and with their invaders and so form the type of the modern Englishman. The northern coast of Africa is still occupied by a fair-haired, blue-eyed race which has all the characteristics of the so-called Red Kelt, and the traveller who finds himself among the Kabyles of Algeria may be pardoned for thinking that he has been suddenly transported to an Irish village. The Egyptian monuments show that this fair-haired race was settled on the African coast as far back as the dawn of history and that it even extended into Palestine, where the Amorites of the Old Testament were similarly distinguished by blue eyes and blond hair. The cromlechs and other megalithic monuments which are so plentiful on either side of the Jordan and extend along the north of Africa through western Spain and France into England and Scotland enable us to trace the line of march by which one of the prehistoric races who peopled our islands made their way from the Mediterranean. This was still in the Stone Age; the round-headed people of the round barrows had not yet arrived with their tools and weapons of bronze.

If the attempt to connect the mysterious Basque dialects with the Berber or Libyan languages of northern Africa, first made by von der Gabelentz, is verified, an important link will have been forged in the chain which binds Britain and Africa together. Professor Rhys has maintained that the Picts and Basques were related to one another, and other investigators are now making it probable that the Celtic languages have been influenced by the Berber tongues or at all events by languages akin to the Berber. These Celtic languages, be it observed, were introduced by Aryan invaders from the east or north-east of Europe.

Into all this and much more Mr. Keane's last three chapters on the Caucasian peoples give a singularly clear insight. The newest facts will be found stated in them and the latest theories expounded. Mr. Keane roundly tells us that the primæval home of the Caucasian

race was "Africa north of the Sudan." As the Caucasian race is practically synonymous with the white race, this is a somewhat startling assertion, since it raises the question as to how the race could have acquired its permanently white skin. That man was originally dark-skinned is generally admitted, and most of the theories that have been started to explain his loss of colour have proceeded on the assumption that it took place in a cold and cloudy climate. One anthropologist, for instance, held that the white-skinned population of northern Europe is a species of albino which, like the Polar bear, lost its black hair and dark skin in the marshes of the Rokitno. But when we transport the cradle of the white race to northern Africa the problem becomes more complicated. It is true that the winters are severe in the mountain ranges where the modern Berber tribes mostly live but even so the air is dry and the skies clear, while the summers are hot. That a race should have lost its colour in such circumstances is difficult to understand.

## NOVELS.

"Wanted—a Hero." By Jenner Tayler. London: Unwin. 1899. 6s.

Alan Dacombe was a brave boy with a hatred for bullies, so he challenged his Carminster schoolmate, Hundeane, whose recreation it was to pull the ears and twist the arms of his juniors. After the ordinary pugilism, Hundeane took up a stake, but Dacombe wrenched it away and hit him over the head with it. "It was a sickening thud," Hundeane seemed to be dead, and Dacombe fled to the nearest port. On his way thither he espied posters, referring to "the Carminster murder," but does not seem to have had the curiosity to buy newspapers. He was accepted as honorary drudge on the "Cranfield," a ship bound for Australia with rails and general merchandise. "Aha! they were off!" But she was wrecked on the way, and Dacombe with great daring saved the life of a drunken missionary named Noel. The two set up at a mission-station in South Africa. Noel bolted and Dacombe followed, falling in with Lord Rossmoor's expedition and being captured by Mochadi, chief of the Morolongs. "O Africa! Africa! Playground of the Devil! Shambles for Might's excesses," is the author's comment. Rossmoor was put to death, though Dacombe tried hard to take his place. Dacombe remained three years with Mochadi. At last he escaped and made his way to England, where he learned that a soldier had been executed for the Carminster murder, vowing his innocence to the last. He determined to give himself up, but learned that the victim of that tragedy was a woman; that Hundeane was alive and a minor canon. He therefore made friends with him, cut him out, and married the girl to whom his old antagonist was engaged. The title of this very feeble tale is evidently a confession of weakness on the part of the author, for it has no other meaning.

"The Craze of Christina." By Mrs. Lovett Cameron. London: John Long. 1899. 6s.

It is a long time now since Mrs. Lovett Cameron has attempted anything in the way of fiction which departs from the merest conventionality of subject. "The Craze of Christina" is like a hundred other novels of its kind as to outline. The treatment is the more distinctively the author's own—broadly funny, farcical to the verge of grossest caricature on occasion, but always mildly amusing and refreshing through the entire absence of effort needed by the reader. If that same absence of effort were not so strikingly evident in the author also, she might turn out more finished work which could be taken seriously. As it is, we can follow the fortunes of the perpetually sprightly Christina between a nap and a nap and forget them in half an hour: which is an advantage or not as one chooses to take it.

"The Black Terror." By John K. Leys. London: Sampson Low. 1899. 3s. 6d.

Originality is much to expect, and we may find simple satisfaction in a fluent tale with plenty of incident and only a few jarring notes. This is one of the butterflies of

literature, having come out for a brief summer life. Next year, no doubt, Mr. Leys will produce another very like it, and we shall skim him in the course of a railway journey. His most ingenious idea is that of a prison in the Hebrides, whither the Nihilists deport cruel governors and police spies in imitation of the Siberian system. The incarceration of the Tsar there has overtaxed the author's strength, and remains unconvincing, particularly as regards the long hushing-up of the autocrat's disappearance. And the device of filling His Majesty's place with an Englishman, who bears an extraordinary likeness to him, suggests a weak echo of the "Prisoner of Zenda." The whole picture of Russian life is badly coloured, and many of the events related would certainly have been rendered impossible by the perfection of the Russian passport system.

"Priestess and Queen." By Emily E. Reader. London: Longmans. 1899. 6s.

After the book was printed it struck some far-seeing person that the name Ignigene which heads each page might provoke controversy. So it became priestess and queen on cover and title-page. It recounts the perils of Ignigene and her twenty-six fair maidens, their carrying into captivity and their deaths. Ignigene was of the white race of Mexico, as her name perhaps fails to denote, and was all that a priestess and queen should be. One day she and all her maids "were wondering why six curious suits fashioned like pages' garments had come amongst their drapery," and Ignigene talked like this:—"Those youths at court for whom these things are made will chide the tailor roundly for the loss of so much time, and doubtless he will soon discover his mistake and send and ask us for them presently. Do not unfold them. It is not delicate to dally with equipments not our own." From this it will be seen that the New Woman had no place in the suite of the Priestess and Queen.

"Morgan Hailsham." By F. C. Constable. London: Grant Richards. 1899. 6s.

Anyone who likes to read the history of a crime ingeniously conceived and elaborated outside the conventional lines that limit the everyday story of forgery and fraud may do worse than try "Morgan Hailsham." He should take care not to be deterred by the fact that the book at first awakes but languid interest. The plot develops slowly and much has to be gathered from the jerky conversations of the characters; later on he will find Mr. Hailsham a fantastic and altogether preposterous kind of villain, much aided by the strong arm of coincidence in his plotting, while the same convenient instrument assists also in his undoing; he will find the heroine a somewhat irritating young person, and will not perhaps consider the author a master of his art, but at the same time the book may better serve to wile away an idle hour than many he will meet with.

"Frivolities." By Richard Marsh. London: James Bowden. 1899. 6s.

Mr. Marsh has addressed his book especially to those who are tired of being serious. But the serious ones could be beguiled into a laugh over the really excellent fooling which Mr. Marsh has provided. Humour, as readers of comic papers have known from their youth upwards, is a rare thing indeed. But Mr. Marsh possesses something at least of the genuine stuff, hearty, rollicking and generously flavoured. Also he has that other quality dear to the author of "Trilby" which enables him to be "funny without being vulgar." We have come across many of the stories in magazine-land, but they are sufficiently good to be welcomed again as friends.

"Heart's Desire." By Vanda Wathen-Bartlett. London: John Lane. 1899. 6s.

This is a clever study of a distinctly fascinating woman. It appears nowadays to be inevitable that the heroine of a society novel should at times be astonishingly discourteous in her speech and tediously introspective in her silence. To this rule Vail Glannock is no exception, but the character is conceived with more individuality and elaborated with greater care than is usually the case. Still there is too much of her and too little of anyone else in the book, and this fact

combined with the very slow development of the story renders her eventually somewhat monotonous. The dialogue is frequently brilliant, but the writing generally has a most irritating tendency to drop into blank verse.

"The Little Legacy." By L. B. Walford. London: C. Arthur Pearson. 1899. 6s.

Mrs. Walford's stories have a comfortable purring way with them. They belong to that delectable land where virtue is always rewarded, and vice—that is to say such vice as is unknown to the young person—never obtrudes. The maidens are but our grandmothers, dressed up to date and supplied occasionally with the mildest of modern slang, while the men are of the sort our grandmothers knew and believed in. And though it must be admitted that it is all trivial to inanity, yet are the trivialities of a mild and not unpleasant kind.

"The House of Strange Secrets." By A. Eric Bayly. London: Sands. 1899. 3s. 6d.

After reading a few pages of this story, in which the characters act as no one in real life would act, we are prepared to encounter amazingly grotesque and impossible situations—and we are not disappointed. As the title suggests, the tale of the inmates of Durley Dene House is sensational; its sensationalism is of the cheap order and does not merit serious criticism, but there is sufficient mystery, such as it is, to satisfy the most exacting lovers of weird romance.

"The Arcadians." By H. C. Minchin. London: Fisher Unwin. 1899. 3s. 6d.

There are many bright and suggestive chapters in this quaint little volume. It would be difficult to find a more agreeable companion for an idle hour or two on the sands, or a ramble through the woods: a book to dip into, fresh and simple, where the ideas bubble straight from the writer's heart on to the paper. "The Yellow Waggon" is a very happy bit of reminiscence.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Transvaal Crisis." By Sir Henry Meysey-Thompson, Bart., M.P. London: Sampson Low. 1899. 6d.

Sir Henry Meysey-Thompson has been well advised to republish in the form of a pamphlet the article he wrote last year for the "Nineteenth Century" after his return from South Africa. It admirably summarises the main points of grievance against the Transvaal Government. Anyone in doubt as to the justice of the Outlanders' complaints should read this statement before passing judgment. There is one point made by Sir Henry Meysey-Thompson which deserves repeating. Foreign Governments have a large number of subjects in the Transvaal suffering equally with ours. We do not permit their natural protectors to interfere in South African affairs; and are therefore all the time bound in honour to be vigilant in their interests ourselves. The tables of comparative expenditure of the Cape, Natal, Free State, and Transvaal Governments are also highly instructive. But what does the author mean by saying "It is evident that the word 'republic' is a misnomer"? and what is a republic "in the true sense of the word"? He should read a recent number of this journal in order to clear his mind as to the meaning of a "republic."

"W. G." Cricketing Reminiscences and Personal Recollections. By W. G. Grace. London: Bowden. 1899.

"W. G." perhaps the only man of our time to go down to fame by the initials of his Christian name, has once more been diving into the storehouse of his memory and has produced an admirable complement to his "Forty Years of Cricket." In one part of the volume, dealing with the game from a personal standpoint, he has arranged the chief events of the last three decades in chronological order, and the various Colonial and American tours in which he participated are described at some length, the pages bristling with good stories and exciting incidents. Another part contains some sixty or more kindly word-portraits of his most celebrated contemporaries ranging over four generations of players. The chapter of advice to young cricketers was, we suppose, inevitable. The book is excellently printed and the blue linen cover, adorned with a portrait of the Champion wearing the M.C.C. colours, is distinctly effective.

"Alphonse Daudet." By Léon Daudet; translated by Charles de Kay. London: Sampson Low. 1898.

Filial piety as well as natural gifts designated M. Léon Daudet as the proper person to write a biography of his distinguished father. The impression left upon the reader is one almost of affection for a singularly noble and sympathetic character which is fully

borne out by the admirable portrait of the great novelist which forms the frontispiece of this book. M. Léon Daudet's admiration for his father leads him to give him a higher rank in the hierarchy of genius than we believe posterity will accord him, but this is pardonable. What we find unpardonable is the eccentric manner in which the translator has too often handled his author's phrases, telling enough in French, but perfectly incomprehensible when literally rendered. What, for instance, would an English reader, unacquainted with French, make of the following and many similar expressions? "He did not know if most of those attacks with which the young baldheads of the small reviews did not fail to regale him." "Some men treated him amiably as a 'locust or cicada' . . . but that harsh labour in his own mind is badly expressed by a suggestion of legs scratching wings, of a rattling in the sunlight!"

"History of the Russian Fleet during the Reign of Peter the Great." By a Contemporary Englishman (1724). Edited by Vice-Admiral Cyprian A. G. Bridge, K.C.B. Printed for The Navy Records Society. 1899.

Peter the Great had even as a boy taken a great interest in nautical matters, and on succeeding his father he determined to have a real navy as well as a standing army. His visit to England in 1698—and the stay he made at Deptford to study shipbuilding—is a fact known to every schoolboy. He also went to Portsmouth, and on his return to Russia he took back a number of our shipwrights, mechanics, and seamen. He then set to work to create a fleet with which he could oppose Sweden, then a strong maritime State. Such was the energy displayed by him that in a few years he could send to sea a respectable force. Peter had served as captain of a galley in 1696, and in 1716 hoisted his flag as admiral in command of a combined Russian, Danish and English squadron. He used to declare that it was one of the proudest moments of his life when in this capacity he received a salute of twenty-one guns. The Swedes retired to their harbours and this squadron dispersed soon after. On the death of Peter his country possessed forty ships of the line and has ever since fostered the spirit evoked by the founder of its fleet. This volume gives many interesting details of the period, and the Society is fortunate in having secured the services of Admiral Bridge as editor.

"My Roses and How I Grew Them." By Helen Milman (Mrs. Caldwell Crofton), Author of "In the Garden of Peace." London: John Lane. 1899.

A reviewer might well be reluctant to exact too much from a lady who, having won some local prizes for roses, bursts forth into print to tell the glorious secret to the world. But really a lady who poses as an author already, and takes so formidable a title, must conform to elementary rules of writing. This little book shows every characteristic fault of girlish essays—weak grammar, incessant paragraphs (averaging about a line and a half), a peppery sprinkling of notes of exclamation without any obvious reason, and a recourse to "I" and "my" as a final appeal, which is amusing enough in a child, but is not much admired afterwards. The lady's advice, in general, we hasten to admit, is better than her manner of expressing it, though she has absolutely nothing to say that cannot be found in every book about roses, and almost in every grower's catalogue. What can be the use of publishing such a book as this? It is rather prettily got up and well printed, but the labour is in vain.

The "North American Review" and the "Forum" for August are both of more than usual interest for English readers. In the former the Countess of Aberdeen discusses "Woman's International Parliament," Sir Charles Dilke "Athletics for Politicians," and Mr. Bernard Shaw "The Censorship of the Stage in England." Mr. Shaw is kind to Mr. Redford but severe on the Censor. Mr. Redford is not to blame for the rules laid down for his guidance in standing between the daughters of Britain and unwholesome plays. A censorship cannot work well, says Mr. Shaw, until a censor can be found greater than the greatest dramatists. He has racked his brains and searched a pretty exhaustive experience as a critic of the theatres "to find a single item to the credit of the censorship's account in the books of the Recording Angel." He finds none. "Shame, folly, ridicule and mischief are the fruits of it, and the sole possible ones as I repeat they would equally be if I or Tolstoi himself were censor." Mr. Shaw would abolish the censorship root and branch, but is of opinion that "it will probably outlive the House of Lords and the supremacy of the Established Church." In the "Forum" Mr. T. G. Bowles anticipates the possibility of British trade dwindling to a point at which there will be a sharp reaction in British views on the subject of tariffs. "Then will be the day for those who, with afflicting sheaves of statistics in hand, show that every British colonist as a customer for British produce is worth twenty-three average foreigners," and that it would therefore be sound finance to differentiate in favour of the British colonist.

The "Revue des Revues" for 15 August publishes two documents of exceeding interest, that have recently been discovered by an English writer, Mrs. Frederika Macdonald, among the historical treasures stored away in the manuscript

department of the Bibliothèque Nationale. The first of these documents, a literary portrait of Madame d'Houdetot written for private circulation by Madame d'Épinay in 1757, is chiefly interesting because it proves that Jean Jacques Rousseau in his "Confessions" did not calumniate Madame d'Épinay when he accused her of having attempted to surprise the letters that Madame d'Houdetot wrote to him. The second document is an autograph letter written from the prison of Vincennes by Diderot to the Lieutenant-General of the police, M. de Berryer, in 1749. In this letter, Diderot, after apologising in the most abject manner for the "intemperance" which he admits disfigures his "Letters to the Blind" and his "Philosophical Thoughts," pledges himself to give M. de Berryer the names of the printers and booksellers responsible for the production of these works. Mrs. Frederika Macdonald as a champion of Rousseau considers it useful to establish the true character of the self-styled "honest man" who was his chief accuser.

Pierre Loti contributes some delicate pages to the "Revue de Paris" for 15 August, descriptive of the home of his ancestors in the country, sold before his birth, but now become his own. He goes forth to take possession of it with his son. It rains; it is dark: Loti is thoughtful and melancholy. He trembles as he takes the keys from Véronique—a "bonne vieille"—as he crosses the courtyard (haunted at night, perhaps, by shadowy ancestors in black), as he opens the door and explores the old house. Scratched on a window is his mother's name, done by a diamond sixty years ago. And as his son plays in the garden he thinks; thinks of the pious folk who inhabited the house long ago, full of faith and of hope; of the sorrow that would overcome them to see him there, unconvinced; and resolves to "laisser sommeiller toutes ces choses, de refermer respectueusement cette porte, comme on scellerait une entrée de sépulchre, —et de ne plus Pouvriir, jamais."

"The Adventures of Louis de Rougemont, as Told by Himself" (Newnes). It is a little difficult to know in which category to place these much discussed adventures. They have not been proved to be pure fiction; they certainly cannot claim to be pure fact. M. de Rougemont's editor is slightly cryptic in introducing him in book form. He says that many who know Australia and were anxious to overwhelm de Rougemont were converted into devoted adherents. "The man was in fact a veritable Mahdi among the sceptics—those sceptics, that is, who had opportunities of conversing with him." It is only necessary to recall the Mahdi's methods of conversion to point the moral if not to adorn the tale of de Rougemont.

"True Tales of Travel and Adventure" (Chatto and Windus) by Harry de Windt are almost insipid after M. de Rougemont's, but Mr. de Windt, as all who have followed his career know, has a fund of experience in strange lands to draw upon. Two of the chapters describe French and English prisons and prison régime. Mr. de Windt is one of the few visitors to Siberia who refuse to see nothing but horrors in its convict system, but it gives one a shock to learn that many of the London police cells in which decently bred prisoners may be compelled to spend a night "are less clean and airy than the foulest Siberian Stape."

#### ETHNOGRAPHICAL MUSEUMS.

"Report on the Ethnographical Museums in Germany." By O. M. Dalton, Assistant in the Department of British and Mediaeval Antiquities and Ethnography in the British Museum. Printed by order of the Trustees.

The Trustees of the British Museum have adopted a wise innovation. They have sent one of their officers on a short tour abroad, not to report on a collection offered for purchase (that has often before been done), but to see how foreign museums manage special collections. Further, they have considered it useful to issue the results of this inspection to the public—after a year's delay, it is true, but that is a trifle in official chronology. The report before us certainly offers food for reflection. Mr. Dalton, of the Department of Mediaeval Antiquities and Ethnology, visited the ethnographical collections at Berlin, Leipzig, Dresden, Hamburg and Vienna, and the conclusion he comes to is that "the scientific importance of ethnography is far more universally recognised [in Germany] than is the case in Great Britain. The widespread public interest in the subject has led to a great influx of gifts, and to offers of local assistance on the part of official and non-official residents in foreign countries. It has thus been an important factor in the rapid rise of these museums to their present pre-eminent position." We are told that "in both the extent and quality of the collections Berlin has no rival. In almost every section, except in certain parts of the Pacific, it leaves the Ethnographical Gallery at the British Museum far behind. . . . On a moderate estimate the Berlin collections are six or seven times as extensive as ours. To mention a single point, the British Province of Assam is represented in Berlin by a whole room, and in London by a single case." Benin, again, which ought to possess some interest for Englishmen, is so much more attractive to Germans that "objects from Benin of great rarity and value" have been bought in England by the Director of the Berlin Ethnographical Museum, and the German Consul-

General's agents have been in pursuit of the fugitive King of Benin in order to secure some bronzes he was carrying with him. Indeed German Consuls, and German naval officers, have co-operated with hearty good will in improving the collections in the "Museum für Völkerkunde." Without such aid the Museum could not acquire its "present pre-eminence" on an annual grant of £2,500. But Berlin has the inestimable help of a "Hülfscomité," or committee of wealthy men interested in ethnology, who give financial support, when funds for special purchases are required, and contribute to the expenses of scientific expeditions by which the collections are enriched. Not only in the richness of the collections, but also in the space given to their orderly exhibition, in the numerical strength of the scientific staff and its greater specialism, the Berlin Museum is far in advance of our own. There is also a good deal to be said for its system of early closing, and complete closing on one day a week, to allow the staff time for arrangement and classification. This report is by no means satisfactory reading. The British public has grown proud of the word "imperial," and delights in Mr. Kipling's and Mr. Newbolt's purple ecstasies, but when it comes to using its brain or its pocket for imperial affairs, instead of frothy enthusiasm, it cuts a poor figure. It is not creditable that the ethnographical collections of our national museum—the representation, that is of the material life, dress, customs, religious rites, &c., of the peoples of the world—should be sevenfold outdone by Germany. It is positively humiliating that Germans should know more about and take more interest in the crafts, art and customs of a British province than we do ourselves. It is stupid that we should need to be instructed that consuls and naval commanders scattered all over the world ought to be the very men to contribute to our museums, if they were only taught how. Indeed some of our officers have already taken the initiative themselves in regard to certain branches of art and science, and their example might very well be followed systematically under Government instructions. Nor should it be difficult to induce men of means to come forward where Government grants fall short, as they have a strange knack of doing. Sir Wollaston Franks, the late keeper of the ethnographical collection at the British Museum, was a "Hülfscomité" in himself, and he could generally get rich friends to come to the rescue when a valuable purchase seemed in danger of slipping through his fingers. The real difficulty in England is the want of public interest, which simply means want of scientific education; but if the ethnographical collections were more complete and exhibited in a less crowded gallery, the interest might come without which Government grants and private support alike are apt to diminish. Mr. Dalton's report does good service in drawing attention to a state of things which is anything but creditable to our "imperial instincts" or even our ordinary intelligence, and which undoubtedly calls for revision.

#### THEOLOGY.

"The Theology of the New Testament." By G. B. Stevens, D.D. Edinburgh. 1899.

Professor Stevens reviews contemporary opinion and indicates his own conclusions on the most difficult and contentious of subjects. The result is a substantial volume of 600 pages crammed with references to modern critics and theologians, mostly German. It is interesting and serviceable to have a summary of results conveniently placed in our hands; and, perhaps, the present time is not unsuitable for a review of the field of Biblical criticism. The extravagances of the destructive school have provoked a conservative reaction, and along the whole line of the New Testament there has been within the last few years a distinct approximation to traditional conclusions as to the authorship and date of New Testament documents. On the other hand we could wish for another and a fresher treatment of the subject. In his anxiety to be thoroughly fair to his authorities the author overloads his pages with references; he seems to lose his own individuality and imperil the character of his work. We the more regret this since Professor Stevens represents the unusual combination of orthodoxy in belief and a frank acceptance of critical methods. He holds firmly the Divinity of Jesus Christ, and, at the same time, discusses the synoptic problem and the Johannine version of the Evangelic tradition with a freedom that equally allures and alarms the uncritical but candid Christian. He boldly attacks the crucial question of the measure of authority attaching to Christ's obiter dicta on matters of science, history, and criticism, but he may not unfairly be accused of saying too much or too little. The bearings of the discussion are too momentous for so necessarily slight treatment. The attempt to minimise the references to angels and demons in the Gospel is not successful. Christ did more than "plainly hint" the spiritual superiority of the publican over the Pharisee in the parable. It is too rigid an application of a critical theory to purge S. Matthew's Gospel of the important exception which invalidates the positive statement that Christ "gives no sanction to the dissolution of the marriage tie, but asserts its perpetual obligation." It is by

no means universally allowed that "it was James, not Peter, who presided at the council at Jerusalem." Dr. Hort, for instance, took the opposite view. It is scarcely consistent with S. Paul's pointed references to "Cephas" in the first Corinthian Epistle to say that "the other apostles did not in any case recognise any special official authority as belonging to him." We agree that the trustworthiness of the Johannine presentment of Christ is not necessarily impaired by its patently characteristic form. Plato was a worthier exponent of the Master than Xenophon: it may well be that the finer nature of S. John understood the real drift of Christ's teaching better than his grosser-minded comrades. Professor Stevens adopts a confident attitude with respect to the Pauline Epistles. Even the Pastorals seem to him probably genuine. Here undoubtedly the prevailing tendency among critics justifies him. The destructiveness of the Tübingen school is obsolete. The sketch of the great apostle's character is excellent, but we demur to the statement that "he gives no indication that the revelation of Christ in him was of the nature of a vision." S. Paul certainly speaks of having "seen" Christ, and in the Galatians he uses the alternative expression. We identify the two as referring to the event on the road to Damascus, and that can hardly be anything but a vision. It is not the common opinion that S. Paul "in his pre-Christian life had known Christ," nor can it be easily reconciled with the tenour of his writings. Indeed Professor Stevens himself speaks more doubtfully in another passage. We notice a tendency to read too much in single verses. Thus it is something more than precarious to base on 1 Cor. vii. 39 the statement that S. Paul held "the principle that only death really dissolves the marriage bond." An absolute prohibition of divorce would have involved so violent a breach with the Rabbinic ideas in which he had been brought up, that it must not be assumed without very good reason. We cannot accept the view that the apostle totally prohibited the public prophesying of women. We know that there were female prophetesses in the Church, and the natural interpretation of 1 Cor. xi. 5 assumes their exercise of their gift in the Corinthian Ecclesia. The whole treatment of the Church and the Sacraments is thin and unsatisfactory. The authority claimed by S. Paul over the churches which he founded was something immeasurably greater than that credited to him by the author. He did not merely advise but commanded: he recognised no authority superior to his own, and he insisted on maintaining the traditions of "all the churches." The congregationalism of Corinth was almost roughly condemned in the interest of the general order. Possibly the conditions of religious life in America may go some way to explain the tendency of American divines to minimise the ecclesiastical and sacramental elements of original Christianity. The latter part of the book reveals signs of haste, and gives the impression of compulsory compression.

"The Epistle to the Galatians: an Essay on its Destination and Date." By E. H. Askwith, M.A. London. 1899.

The author requests the indulgence of his readers on the ground that this essay is "his first public venture in Biblical criticism." We recognise the justice of his request while we pay him the compliment of thinking sufficiently well of his work to adjudge special indulgence quite unnecessary. Mr. Askwith has produced a careful and well-arranged discussion of a critical question which has divided the learned world for a long while, and will probably continue to do so. We hope that he will follow up this "first public venture" with other and more considerable undertakings of the same kind. The locality of the churches to whom S. Paul addressed the Epistle to the Galatians turns on the interpretation of two phrases in the Acts. The North Galatian theory assumes an ethnological, the South Galatian a political terminology. The former finds its advocate in Bishop Lightfoot: the latter in Professor W. M. Ramsay. Unfortunately the Bishop's death preceded the publication of the Professor's remarkable books—"The Church in the Roman Empire before A.D. 170," and "S. Paul, the Traveller and the Roman Citizen"—and therefore it is impossible to estimate the attitude he would finally have adopted. There seems good reason for thinking that, in face of the new facts adduced on such high authority, he would have revised his conclusion. Mr. Askwith strongly advocates the South Galatian theory, and prophesies its ultimate acceptance by all scholars. He separates himself, however, from Professor Ramsay on the other questions considered in his essay, viz. the date of the Epistle and the identification of the visit to Jerusalem mentioned in Galatians ii. On these points he holds with Bishop Lightfoot that the Epistle was written shortly after 2 Corinthians and shortly before Romans, and that the visit in question is that recorded in Acts xv. These conclusions he reaches by an independent examination, first of the crucial passages Acts xvi. 6 and xviii. 23, then of the Epistle itself, and the corroborative evidence of Acts xx. 4. The discussion of the last-named passage in ch. vi. is particularly good. Passing to the date of the Epistle he rightly declines to base any conclusion on the expressions in i. 6 οὐτως ταχέως and iv. 13 τὸ πρότερον, neither of which necessarily conveys precise references to date, though both may be so understood. The precariousness of

even the most confident critical judgments is well illustrated by the flat contradiction and equal assurance of Bishop Lightfoot and Professor Ramsay with respect to the expression of *οὐκ ἐμοὶ πάντες ἀδελφοί*. The former understands a natural reference to a group of fellow-travellers, the latter an equally natural indication of a considerable church. We demur to Mr. Askwith's understanding of *ἐκς κενόν* in Gal. ii. 2 as arbitrary, and in our judgment mistaken. The use of the word in 1 Cor. xv. suggests that it has quite a general sense. We dissent from his opinion as to the probability that the Apostle kept no copies of his Epistles. The fact that he employed an amanuensis, and his practice of referring to his own letters, to say nothing of the general considerations which could not have been absent from his mind, seem to point in the other direction. The Appendix on the visit to Jerusalem is thin and unsatisfactory. We notice that Mr. Askwith everywhere assumes the Lucan authorship of the Acts, which in an essay which makes such constant claim to be rigidly critical is, to say the least, surprising. We agree with him that the *ἀριθμοὶ τῆς σαρκὸς* mentioned in Gal. iv. 13 cannot be seriously connected with the *καλοῦσθαι* of Acts xvi. 6; but we expected a reference to the plausible suggestion that it may refer to the injuries received by the Apostle at Lystra, a suggestion which obviously agrees with the South Galatian theory advocated in the essay.

"The Epistle to the Hebrews." An Exegetical Study by A. B. Bruce, D.D. Edinburgh. 1899.

Dr. Bruce has for many years been favourably known to the large public which reads with appreciation theological works, of which there are none too many, in which solid learning does not disdain literary form. It is sufficient commendation of his latest book to say that it worthily sustains the high standard of its predecessors. Of recent years, considerable attention has been directed to the anonymous Epistle to the Hebrews, which tradition has so strangely credited to S. Paul. The great commentary of Bishop Westcott published ten years ago has been quickly followed by others. The volume before us consists largely of articles contributed to the "Expositor," and represents "the mature fruit of study carried on for a period of thirty years." The principal thesis maintained throughout is the apologetic character of the epistle which is described on the title-page as "the first apology for Christianity." "It is the only writing in the New Testament of a formally and systematically apologetic nature." Dr. Bruce regards with some favour Luther's suggestion, which was popularised in England by Alford, that the author was that Apollos who is said in the Acts to have been "born at Alexandria, an eloquent man, and mighty in the Scriptures," a description which admirably matches the suggestions of the epistle itself. On internal evidence its date is assigned to the year 70 A.D. In twenty chapters the whole contents of the epistle are considered and expounded on the apologetic assumption. The whole is concluded by a chapter on "the theological import of the epistle." Dr. Bruce admits that the "hermeneutical method" of the writer is obsolete while insisting that the "essential elements" of his doctrine are permanently true. "The doctrine of Christ's priesthood is a theological speciality of our epistle. Practically it is the only book of the New Testament in which that doctrine finds any, or at least adequate, recognition." The bases of this doctrine are the paramount features of the life of Jesus, "self-sacrifice and solidarity with sinners." We notice a certain hardness of tone in the references to the sacramental and sacerdotal inferences which have in the course of Christian history been drawn from this epistle. This, perhaps, is an inevitable homage to the Presbyterian orthodoxy of a Free Church professor, and, in any case, it forms a very slight drawback to the many excellencies of a valuable and learned work, for which all theological students will give the author their ungrudging thanks.

For This Week's Books see page 246.

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JOHN WILKINSON FAIREY, Manager.

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Paid-up Capital .. .. .. £1,239,700  
Reserve Fund .. .. .. £1,144,820

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**THE WINTER SESSION of 1899-1900 will OPEN** on TUESDAY, OCTOBER 3, when the Prizes will be distributed at 3 P.M. by Professor T. CLIFFORD ALLBUTT, M.D., F.R.S., in the Governors' Hall.

Three Entrance Scholarships will be offered for competition in September, viz.:—One of £150 and One of £60 in Chemistry and Physics, with either Physiology, Botany, or Zoology, for First Year's Students; One of £50 in Anatomy, Physiology, Chemistry (any two) for Third Year's Students from the Universities. Scholarships and Money Prizes of the value of £300 are awarded at the Sessional Examinations, as well as several medals.

Special Classes are held throughout the year for the Preliminary, Scientific, and Intermediate M.B. Examinations of the University of London.

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For further particulars apply to the WARDEN of the College, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, E.C.

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## THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

### FICTION.

Count Robert of Paris; Castle Dangerous. (The Temple edition of Sir Walter Scott's novels.) Dent. 1s. 6d. each.  
Le Roi des Montagnes (Edmond About). Siepmann's French Series. Macmillan. 2s. 6d.  
The Light that is Darkness (George Trobridge). Speirs.  
The Hacienda on the Hill (Colonel R. H. Savage). Routledge. 2s. 6d.  
The Dark Horse (Nat Gould). Routledge. 2s. 6d.  
Siren City (Benjamin Swift). Methuen. 6s.  
Reveries of a Widow (Teresa Dean). Routledge. 6d.  
A Son of the State (W. Pett Ridge). Methuen. 6d.  
For a God Dishonoured. John Long. 6s.

### HISTORY.

The Peasants' War in Germany (1525-1526) (E. Belfort Bax). Swan Sonnenschein. 6s.  
Examination Papers on the Constitutional and General History of England (J. Tait Wardlaw). Methuen. 2s. 6d.

### THEOLOGY.

The Devotions of Bishop Andrewes (Rev. Henry Veale. Second edition). Cambridge: Deighton Bell. 7s. 6d.  
Affinity: an Enquiry into a Great Question (W. Pilling). Bowden.  
The Student's Life of Jesus (G. H. Gilbert). Macmillan. 5s. net.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

Adventures of Louis de Rougemont, as Told by Himself. George Newnes, Limited. 6s.  
A Manual of Psychology. Vol. II. (G. F. Stout). Clive. 4s. 6d.  
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The Essentials of School Diet (Clement Dukes. Second edition). Rivingtons. 6s.  
The "Queen" Cookery Books. I. Soup; II. Ices (S. Beatty-Pownall). Horace Cox. 1s. each.  
Trooper 3,809 (Lionel Decle). Heinemann. 6s.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST:—The Dome, 1s.; The Revue des Deux Mondes (15 Août), 3s.; Revue des Revues; The Educational Review, 4d.; The Bookbuyer, 15c.

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PRICE SIXPENCE.

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The Annual Subscription is One Guinea. A new series commences with these volumes.

WILLIAM FOSTER,

Bordean, Holly Road, Wanstead, N.E.

Honorary Secretary.

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In 425,000 Shares of £1 each, all Issued.

## Directorate.

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## London Committee.

C. RUBE (alternate C. ARNOLD). L. WAGNER. L. SARTORIS.

## General Manager.

G. E. WEBBER.

## Manager at Mine.

L. PEDERSEN.

## Secretary.

F. RALEIGH.

## London Secretary.

A. MOIR.

Head Office . . . . . 47 ECKSTEIN'S BUILDINGS, JOHANNESBURG.  
 London Office . . . . . 120 BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN, E.C.

## DIRECTORS' QUARTERLY REPORT

For the Three Months ending 30th JUNE, 1899.

## To the Shareholders.

GENTLEMEN,—The Directors have pleasure in submitting the following Report on the working operations of the Company for the Three Months ending 30th June, 1899, which show a total profit of £91,805 4s. 2d.

## MINE.

Number of feet Driven, Sunk and Risen, exclusive of Stopes	1,101 feet.
Ore Developed	97,806 tons.
Ore Mined	109,374 tons.
Less Waste sorted out (18'558 per cent.)	20,298 tons.
	89,076 tons.

## MILL.

Tons Delivered	89,076 tons.
Less added to Stock in Mill Bins	276 tons.
Tons Crushed	88,800 tons.
Number of days (24 hours) working an average of 200 stamps	85½ days.
Tons crushed per stamp per 24 hours	5'203 tons.
Tons in Mill Bins on 30th June, 1899	1,282 tons.
Yield in Fine Gold	25,840'396 ozs.
Yield per Ton in Fine Gold	5'819 dwts.

## CYANIDE WORKS.

## SANDS AND CONCENTRATES.

Tons Sands and Concentrates treated (equal to 72'621 per cent. of the tonnage milled)	64,488 tons.
Yield in Fine Gold	16,411'608 ozs.
Yield in Fine Gold per ton treated	5'089 dwts.
Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis	3'696 dwts.

## SLIMES.

Tons Slimes treated (equal to 26'240 per cent. of the tonnage milled)	23,308 tons.
Yield in Fine Gold	2,639'008 ozs.
Yield in Fine Gold per ton treated	2'265 dwts.
Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis	594 dwts.

## TOTAL YIELD.

Total Yield in Fine Gold from all sources	44,891'012 ozs.
Total Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis	10'110 dwts.
Total Yield in Bullion Gold from all sources	31,963'438 ozs.

## WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

On a basis of 88,800 tons milled.

Dr.	Cost.	Cost per Ton.
To Mining Expenses	£63,492 13 0	£0 14 3'602
" Milling Expenses...	13,744 4 0	0 3 1'146
" Cyaniding Expenses	13,849 19 7	0 3 1'432
" General Expenses	2,895 13 4	0 0 7'826
" Head Office Expenses	1,115 1 11	0 0 3'014
	95,097 11 10	1 1 5'020
" Profit	91,805 4 2	1 0 8'122
	£186,902 16 0	2 2 1'142

  

Cr.	Value.	Value per Ton.
By Gold Account—		
Mill	£107,676 12 11	£1 4 3'018
Cyanide Works	79,226 3 1	0 17 10'124
	£186,902 16 0	2 2 1'142

NOTE.—A portion of the above profit is subject to the new tax of 5 per cent. which has been imposed by the Government of the South African Republic.

## GENERAL.

The Capital Expenditure for the period under review has amounted to £4,263 12s. 3d.

An Interim Dividend—No. 2—of 40 per cent. was declared on 8th June for the half-year ending 30th June, 1899, and will be payable on 4th August, 1899, from the London and Johannesburg Offices, to Shareholders registered in the Company's Books on 30th June, 1899, and to holders of Coupon No. 2 attached to Share Warrants to Bearer.

By order of the Board,

F. RALEIGH,

SECRETARY.

Head Office, Johannesburg,  
 July, 1899.

# The Geldenhuis Estate & Gold Mining Company

(ELANDSFONTEIN No. 1) LIMITED.

CAPITAL - - - - £200,000.

## DIRECTORATE:

W. H. ROGERS, *Chairman* (alternate H. A. ROGERS).

E. BOUCHER.

PAUL DREYFUS (alternate J. L. BERGSON).

W. F. LANCE (alternate A. HERSHENSOHN).

P. GERLICH (alternate J. L. KUHLMANN).

HEAD OFFICE: Grusonwerk Buildings, Johannesburg, P.O. Box 413.

LONDON OFFICE: 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.

## REPORT FOR THE MONTH OF JUNE, 1899.

## EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

120 Stamps.	Milled, 18,762 Tons.	
WORKING EXPENSES.		
	Cost.	Cost per ton.
To Mining ... ..	£6,427 4 3	6s. 10'216d.
" Hauling and Pumping ... ..	424 15 0	os. 5'433d.
" Sorting, Trammings and Crushing ... ..	578 0 10	os. 7'394d.
" Development ... ..	1,070 5 6	1s. 1'691d.
" Milling ... ..	1,523 11 12	1s. 7'490d.
" Cyaniding Concentrates ... ..	233 5 3	os. 2'984d.
" " Tailings ... ..	1,512 11 3	1s. 7'346d.
" Mill Water Supply ... ..	238 15 6	os. 3'954d.
" Maintenance ... ..	3,182 17 8	3s. 4'715d.
" Charges ... ..	616 14 4	os. 7'889d.
" Slimes Treatment (current) ... ..	560 15 8	os. 7'173d.
" Slimes Treatment (accumulated) ... ..	16,368 17 2	17s. 5'387d.
" Profit for Month ... ..	26,216 7 7	27s. 11'355d.
	<u>£42,904 4 4</u>	<u>45s. 8'822d.</u>
REVENUE.		
	Value.	Value per ton.
By Gold from Mill		
7,207'49 ozs., valued ... ..	£26,325 0 0	28s. 0'744d.
From Tailings—		
2,774'35 ozs., valued ... ..	9,545 10 0	10s. 2'104d.
From Concentrates—		
787'50 ozs., valued ... ..	2,704 10 0	2s. 10'595d.
From Slimes (current)—		
513'41 ozs., valued ... ..	1,892 10 0	2s. 0'209d.
By Products treated—		
19'40 ozs., valued ... ..	71 10 0	os. 0'913d.
By Products sold—		
517'00 ozs. (fine) realised ... ..	1,636 4 4	1s. 8'930d.
From Slimes (accumulated)—		
128'07 ozs., valued ... ..	779 0 0	os. 9'325d.
	<u>£42,904 4 4</u>	<u>45s. 8'822d.</u>

## REVENUE.

	Value.	Value per ton.
By Gold from Mill		
7,207'49 ozs., valued ... ..	£26,325 0 0	28s. 0'744d.
From Tailings—		
2,774'35 ozs., valued ... ..	9,545 10 0	10s. 2'104d.
From Concentrates—		
787'50 ozs., valued ... ..	2,704 10 0	2s. 10'595d.
From Slimes (current)—		
51'3'41 ozs., valued ... ..	1,892 10 0	2s. 0'209d.
By Products treated—		
19'40 ozs., valued ... ..	71 10 0	os. 0'915d.
By Products sold—		
517'00 ozs. (fine) realised ... ..	1,636 4 4	1s. 8'930d.
From Slimes (accumulated)—		
198'07 ozs., valued ... ..	759 0 0	os. 9'325d.
	£42,904 4 4	45s. 8'822d.

The Cost and Value per Ton are worked out on the basis of the Tonnage Milled.

## EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE (including Capital Expenditure).

To Working Expenses (as above) ... ..	£16,687 16 9
" Slimes Plant ... ..	1,832 18 2
" Furniture ... ..	64 0 11
" Plant, General ... ..	1,247 2 11
" Rock Drill Plant ... ..	97 10 0
" Battery ... ..	610 0 0
" General Electric Plant ... ..	75 0 0
" Tram Plant ... ..	94 1 8
" Live Stock ... ..	35 0 0
" Balance ... ..	20,743 10 5
	22,160 13 11
	£42,904 4 4
By Gold from Mill, Tailings, Concentrates and Slimes, &c., valued ... ..	£42,904 4 4

## MINE DEVELOPMENT.

Drives ... ..	63 feet.
Sinking Winzes ... ..	11 "
Total footage for month ... ..	74 "
The ore developed by the above footage was ... ..	43,894 tons.

## SORTING.

Ore raised from the Mine ... ..	25,516 tons.
Waste sorted out (equal to 26'42 per cent.) ... ..	6,742 "
Sorted ore sent to mill ... ..	18,774 "
Ore in bins at Battery 1st June ... ..	1,916 "
Ore crushed for June ... ..	20,690 "
Balance in bins 1st July ... ..	1,928 "

## MILL.

120 Stamps ran 29 days 12 hours crushing	18,762 tons.
Tons crushed per Stamp per 24 hours ... ..	5'29 "
Bullion yield ... ..	7,207'49 ozs.
Bullion yield per ton ... ..	7'88 dwts.

## CYANIDE WORKS.

Tons treated ... ..	Tailings, 12,357	Concentrates 1,400
Bullion yield ... ..	2,774'35 ozs.	787'50 ozs.
Bullion yield per ton ... ..	4'49 dwts.	11'25 dwts.
Working cost per ton treated ... ..	s. d. 5'37	s. d. 3'98

## SLIMES PLANT.

Tons treated ... ..	Current, 4,645 tons	Accumulated, 1,792 tons.
Bullion yield ... ..	513'41 ozs.	198'07 ozs.
Bullion yield per ton ... ..	s. d. 4'97	s. d. 11'25
Working cost per ton treated ... ..	s. d. 4'97	s. d. 3'67

The erection of the additional Settling Tanks for accumulated Slimes has been completed, but on account of not being water-tight they have not yet been taken over from the Contractors.

## TOTAL YIELD.

	Bullion.	Fine Gold.	Per Ton crushed, Fine Gold.
Mill ... ..	Tons. 18,762	ozs. 7,207'49	6,249'24
Cyanide (Tailings) ... ..	12,357	2,774'35	6 15'88
" (Concentrates) ... ..	1,400	787'50	2 9'97
Slimes (Current) ... ..	4,645	513'41	0 15'43
Slimes (Accumulated) ... ..	1,792	11,282'75	0 11'49
		198'07	10 5'77
		11,480'82	10 4'43
		9,770'70	10 10'20

In addition to the above, Cyanide Slags were treated containing 19'40 ozs. of Bullion, equal to 37'50 ozs. Fine Gold, and other By-products, viz.:—Black Sands, Pots and Liners, Anode Bags, Pot Scrapings, &c., were sold, which contained 517 ozs. Fine Gold.

## MAY YIELD.

	Bullion.	Fine Gold.	Per Ton crushed, Fine Gold.
Mill ... ..	Tons. 19,136	ozs. 7,435'59	6,435'28
Cyanide (Tailings) ... ..	13,038	2,803'43	6 17'42
" (Concentrates) ... ..	1,400	848'10	2 11'92
Slimes (Current) ... ..	4,615	721'92	2 17'56
Slimes (Accumulated) ... ..	1,614	11,899'04	0 15'53
		252'45	10 14'48
		12,151'52	10 5'45
		10,362'89	10 19'93

In addition to the above, Cyanide Slags were treated containing 43'60 ozs. of Bullion, equal to 37'50 ozs. Fine Gold.

A Dividend—No. 15—of 50 per cent. was declared during the month payable to all Shareholders registered on the 30th June, 1899, and will be paid to European Shareholders from the London Office and to South African Shareholders from the Head Office immediately after receipt of the transfer returns to the above date by the respective offices.

It is anticipated that the Warrants will be in Shareholders' hands about the first week in August.

The Coupon—No. 15—in respect of the Dividend was payable on the 10th inst.

JOHANNESBURG, 13th July, 1899.

P. C. HAW, Secretary.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

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